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SONG:—I THINK OF THEE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I think of thee when eve's last blush
  Falls mournfully on heart and eye;
Of thee when morn's first glories gush
  In gold and crimson o'er the sky;
My thoughts are thine 'mid toil and strife,
  Thine when from toil and peril free—
Ay, thine—forever thine—my life
  Is but a living thought of thee.

I think of thee 'mid spring's sweet flowers,
  And in the summer's brighter glow;
Of thee in autumn's purple bowers,
  And gloomy winter's waste of snow;
My thoughs are thine when joys depart,
  And thine when all life's sorrows flee—
Ay, thine—forever thine—my heart
  Is but a throbbing thought of thee.

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MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

The time—December, 1776. The scene—The banks of the Delaware!

A deep gloom was round about the Patriot cause. Was it the premonitor of lasting night; or was the morning at hand? Washington, with his struggling army, had fled from New York, making his way, from place to place, through New Jersey, followed closely by Lord Cornwallis—so closely that oftentimes the tap of the enemy's drum, in the evening and in the morning, could be plainly heard by the American sentinels. From various causes—from sickness—from disaffection—and from the expiration of the terms of enlistment, the Patriot army was dwindling away; but Washington and his true-hearted companions entertained no thought of failure. While life lasted, and their souls held strength for prayer, they trusted in God and the Right, and stood bravely, hopefully up.

Congress was sitting in Philadelphia, and Cornwallis, with an army of six thousand regular and well-drilled troops, was aiming for that point. To take possession of Philadelphia, and rout the Continental Congress, was his cherished plan; and so confident was he of speedily accomplishing his purpose, and thus ending the Revolution, that he had already made arrangements for returning to England on the first of the following month. Upon looking back over that period it does appear, to the rational and thinking mind, that a Power mightier than man was guarding that Patriot band. At any time, during the three weeks that Washington was fleeing across the territory of New Jersey, the British commander might have pushed upon him and easily have overcome his feeble force. But it was not so to be. From town to town the Patriots marched on their way, the pursuers pitching their tents where the camp-fires of the pursued were yet smoking. On the eighth of December Washington arrived at Trenton, and immediately set about crossing the Delaware. All the boats in the neighborhood were brought into requisition, and at midnight the last Patriot soldier had crossed over into Pennsylvania. And while yet the oars of that last boat were dipping the water, a division of Lord Cornwallis's army, with all the pomp of heroic accomplishment, marched into Trenton!

It had been the plan of Cornwallis to cross the river at once; but not a boat of any description had been left within his reach; so he was forced either to construct new ones, or to wait until the Delaware should be frozen over, so that he might cross upon the ice. The latter course was the one adopted, as he had reason to believe that the bridge of ice would be very soon formed.

In the meantime, how was it with Washington? When he was finally encamped upon the western shore of the Delaware he had but seventeen hundred men left in his ranks, and not all of those were fit for service. It is safe to say that he had not more than a thousand men upon whom he could rely. Philadelphia was not far off, and only these few worn and weary Patriots, with a river gradually freezing over, lay between the Federal capital and the British army. But did the heart of America fail? No. George Washington was never more firm and hopeful than in that hour of gloom and trial. The very soul of Liberty was incarnated in his person; and, with fortitude and with prayer, he looked forward into the future, relying upon the eternal principles of Justice and of Right.

Back from the Delaware River, some five miles, on the Pennsylvania side, stood the mansion of Waldvale. The estate was one of the most valuable in the country; and the dwelling, with its numerous outbuildings, situated upon the southeastern slope of a gentle eminence, and surrounded by grand old trees, was the most aristocratic in that section. The lands had been cleared, and somewhat improved, by the inhabitants of a former age, but the present owner, named John Glengyle, had given the estate its comely appearance by erecting the mansion, and otherwise adorning the grounds; and he, after the fashion of his native land, had bestowed upon the place the name which it bore.

Within one of the large parlors of Waldvale Hall stood the host himself. He was a stout, burly man, past the middle age; with a thick, broad head, the coarse, crinkled hair of which was freely touched with gray; features heavy and sensual, showing by their high color that the wine-cup was no stranger to his lips. He was dressed in a suit of purple velvet, with rich buckles of silver upon his knees and upon his shoes, while upon his wrists and bosom were frills and ruffles of finest linen. He was alone now; but, if we may judge from the appearance of the apartment, he had not been alone a great while. A table was spread, upon which were decanters and glasses; and on the white cloth were many spots where wine had been spilled. And, furthermore, there were crumbs of bread, and tiny scraps of meat upon that cloth, which the servants had failed to remove ere the wine was brought. It might have been a late breakfast, or it might have been an early dinner. At all events, it was now near the middle of the afternoon, and the guests had left the board.

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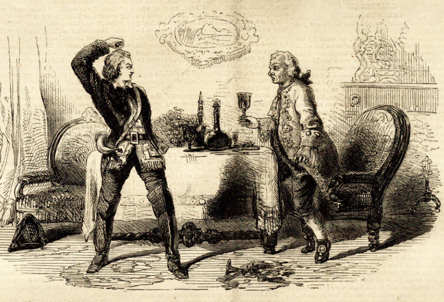

THE PATRIOTIC NEPHEW AND THE TORY UNCLE.

As John Glengyle paced up and down the room he seemed considerably excited. He rubbed his hands together, and muttered to himself; and, if there is any indication in the position of the head during mental excitement, we might safely conclude that his head had a leaning towards the combative propensity. As he walked thus, one of the doors was opened, and a young man entered.

This new-comer was Roderic Glengyle, and the host was his uncle. Still, for many years, Roderic had regarded John Glengyle as his father. He had never known any other father, having been reared by his uncle from the earliest days of his recollection. However, he was not sorry when he became assured that he was not a child of the man who had reared him; and why he was not sorry the reader will be ere long able to judge for himself. Roderic Glengyle was two-and-twenty years of age; of medium height; strong and muscular in frame; his limbs knit together after the fashion of those sturdy Highlanders of Inverness, from whom he drew his blood. Erect and noble he stood, with fair face and flashing eye; his curling locks, of auburn hue, clustering thickly about a full, open brow; the whole figure, in contour and bearing, giving token of a heart that knew no guile, and a spirit that knew no mortal fear. His garb was not much like his uncle's in quality. In place of velvet he wore tough-tanned deer-skin, and in place of silver buckles he wore thongs of leather. And upon his hands, too, were stains of powder.

"How now, Roderic?" demanded Sir John,—for he claimed that he had been knighted in the old country, and he clung to the baronet's title. "I have looked for you anxiously. I have had company here to dinner, and I had intended that you should be one of the number. I missed you. There were some here to whom I wished to introduce you."

"I am grateful to you all the same," returned the youth, with a slight inclination of the head. "Some of the servants told me that you had been looking for me, so I came directly hither, without even stopping to wash the powder from my hands."

"Powder! Upon my soul, you seem to have a strange passion for burning powder."

"But not without some result, uncle. The result of to-day is two deer, two foxes, and a wolf. Pretty good I call that, considering the weather, and the uncomfortable state of the ground."

"Perhaps so," said Sir John. And then, with a significant rubbing of the hands, he added,—"But there may be better use for powder, ere long, than even that."

"So I have allowed myself to think," responded Roderic. He spoke very quietly, and his face gave no indication of his meaning.

"Still, my boy," pursued the uncle, "I was sorry that you were not here to dinner, for we had a lively and interesting time."

"But," interrupted the youth, "you have not told me who were here?"

"They were officers, Roderic—four of them—good and true. They have stout companies enlisted, and stand ready to join Cornwallis as soon as he crosses the Delaware. Captain Griswold was one of them."

"Louis Griswold?" said the young man, with a start.

"Yes,—and a most faithful servant of our royal master he is. He has a large company of true men ready to fight for their king as soon as an opportunity offers itself. But—why do you start, and work your hands so? What is there in this to move you?"

"I thought Louis Griswold was in Jersey, with Cornwallis," said Roderic, half to himself.

"No," replied Sir John. "He left the British army at New York, and came on here to enlist a company of Royalists; and he has succeeded very well. The proclamation of Lord Howe has had a grand effect in deterring our people from flocking to the Rebel standard. But—I see—ha, ha—you are thinking of the attentions which, aforetime, this Louis Griswold has paid to Maggie Burns. Is it not so?"

The youth bit his lip, but made no reply.

"Upon my life, Roderic, I hope that you do not allow your thoughts to run after that poor girl. She is not worth your attention; and, furthermore, it is not policy for you to flirt with one in her position. If Griswold wishes to entrap her, let him. He has no family name to tarnish."

The hot blood mounted to Roderic's temples, but yet he did not speak. He was too much moved for speech at that moment, and he turned away to a window.

"This Maggie Burns," pursued Sir John, who had not noticed all the emotions that had showed themselves upon his nephew's face, "is a Rebel of the darkest dye; and she comes naturally enough by it. Her ancestors were of the old Cameronian Dissenters, and it runs in her blood to hate Royalty. If her father had remained in Scotland, he would have been hung. Don't think of her, my boy. Let Griswold have her."

"Does Louis Griswold think of visiting her?" Roderic asked the question almost in a whisper, and without turning around.

"Very likely he does. And so, as I said before, let him have her; and do you strike for higher game. And now, my boy, here's a health to the King, our Royal Master; and may we both serve him well. Come, drink."

The host had filled two goblets, and one of them he pushed towards his nephew. The youth took it up, and gazed upon the ruby wine. Not a muscle gave token of emotion; not a nerve quivered; and yet his lip was pale, and tightly compressed.

"Come—drink."

Roderic Glengyle raised the goblet above his head, and then dashed it upon the floor, shattering the thin glass into a thousand fragments, and bespattering the whole carpet with the dark wine.

"SO MUCH FOR GEORGE THE THIRD!" he cried, with an energy that came from his very soul.

Sir John stood aghast. He was astounded; and, for the moment, his passion rendered him speechless.

"Roderic Glengyle," he finally gasped, trembling at every joint, "are you crazy?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, calmly and solemnly, "I am not crazy. I speak the honest sentiments of my soul. While the war has been distant from us, I have respected your feelings and authority enough to keep my peace; but I can do so no longer. The time has come when every man must be either for his country, or against it; and, sir, I am for AMERICAN LIBERTY! From this hour I am a Patriot. If I live, I live to see my country free from the foreign yoke. If I die, I die fighting for the Right, and my body shall fill a Patriot's grave!"

There was something so grand and sublime in the appearance of the youth, and such a ring of noble sentiment was there in his speech, that his uncle, for the while, almost admired him. But John Glengyle was not the man to cherish generous emotion, and his baser passions quickly resumed their sway. Still he was not without a grain of prudence. He knew something of the young man's nature, and he controlled himself sufficiently to reason a bit.

"Boy," he said, his bitterness of feeling manifesting itself very palpably, "as sure as the world, you are crazy. If you were not crazy, you would not do so wild a thing as this. Just look, for a moment, at the position you are assuming. What is the state of this cause you would adopt? Where are its hopes of success? Just look at it. Why—the whole rebellion must be crushed before the month is out; and all who are found in arms against the king must suffer. Here is the Rebel chieftain, George Washington, encamped only a few miles from us; and his whole effective host amounts to not more than a thousand men. Upon the opposite side of the river is a British army six thousand strong, waiting only to cross the stream. They will effect a crossing very soon, and then the Rebel Congress will be hung, and this serpent of Patriotism, as you are pleased to term it, be crushed forever. If you have half an eye, you can see it as plainly as I can. And, more still, boy—there is something more than the British army over the Delaware. There are bands of Royalists forming all over this section of Pennsylvania. George Washington has an enemy in his rear that he doesn't dream of. These Royalists are keeping quiet for the present—they are forced to do so, with this Rebel army so near,—but their very quietness will enable them to strike the most surely when they do strike."

"My uncle," spoke the youth, with deep significance, "I thank you for your information. It may be of service to me."

"Ha!" cried the Tory, quickly realizing his error, "would you turn traitor?"

"You have heard my determination. My heart has been in the Patriot cause from the first; and now my hand shall be put to the work."

"By St. George!" exclaimed the uncle, bringing his fist down with such vehemence upon the table that he overturned the full goblet which he had left untasted, "if you persist in this I'll turn you from my doors as I would a dog!"

"You will not be under that necessity, sir," replied Roderic, standing proudly erect before his uncle. "I shall leave your roof of my own accord."

"No—by my soul, you shall not!" vociferated Sir John, in blind passion. "You shall not go upon so mad an errand!"

"Easy, my uncle. I am going this very day."

"No,—by the hosts of heaven, you shall not! If I cannot persuade you, I'll force you!"

"I fear you'll find that rather a difficult job, sir," said Roderic, with a working of the muscles about the corners of the mouth which almost gave the appearance of a smile. "I am not used to being forced."

"Then we'll give you a lesson in the use at once; and as for the difficulty, there may not be so much of it as you imagine. As matters now stand between us, it becomes my duty to enforce my command. You must not go out with the intelligence which I have so unwittingly conveyed." And thus speaking, Sir John moved towards the door, as though he would place himself there as a barrier.

"John Glengyle," said the youth, sternly, and with startling power, "don't oppose me! I pray you, don't oppose me!"

"I shall."

"John Glengyle, don't oppose me! Let not my hand be raised against my uncle!"

"Boy, what mean you?"

"I mean, sir, that the man who dares to oppose me shall fall beneath the weight of this right arm! You know something of my temper; so beware!"

"Fool! Idiot!—there are a score of loyal troopers quartered beneath this roof at this very moment. If you attempt to leave, I'll have you arrested at once! Now, sir, there is the door, free to your passage. Go to your room, and reflect upon it. But—if you start to leave the house, you are a prisoner, and as such the proper authorities shall deal with you!"

Without another word Roderic left the apartment. He walked out proudly, and with a firm step; and when he had gained his own chamber he at once set about making preparations for his departure.

John Glengyle, as soon as he had been left alone, started across the room like one possessed. He was mad and frantic, and for some minutes he chafed like a baffled beast. Finally, however, he became calm enough to reason with himself; and, anticipating that his nephew might attempt to go away, he went to make arrangements for having his threat put into execution. He had a party of Tory troopers in the house, as he had said; and he meant that his rebellious nephew should be their prisoner. And, as he went his way, he had some thoughts in his mind which he would not have cared to give to the world.

CHAPTER II.

RODERIC'S FIRST BATTLE.

In order that we may understand the nature of the difficulties that lay in the way of the young patriot, we will follow the host of Waldvale for a few moments.

In one of the rear apartments of the mansion, safely removed from the gaze of any visitor who might be hanging around the place, were a score of tory soldiers, under charge of a lieutenant. These men had been enlisted by Capt. Louis Griswold, and it was intended that they should stand ready to operate against the patriots as opportunity might offer. Up the river, beyond Coryel's Ferry, spies had managed to pass and repass, so that the British commander was advised of all these movements, and was also enabled to return his commands.

Into this apartment John Glengyle came, and having drawn the lieutenant a little upon one side, he addressed him as follows:

"Sir Lieutenant, you heard me speak of my nephew. You know him?"

"Yes, sir. I have seen him."

"Well, he is a rebel of the deepest dye. He knows that there are loyal troops in the house, and he also knows something of our intentions. I fear it is his plan to leave Waldvale at once, and if he does so, he will, in all probability, make known our position and plans to the enemies of our king."

"Ah," said the lieutenant, with a grating of the teeth, and a clutching of the hands, "I have imagined for some time that master Roderic's affections were turning that way. But, sir, what will you do? He must not be suffered to carry out such a traitorous purpose as you have intimated."

"Indeed, he shall not," responded the host; "and to prevent it, I have called upon you. If he goes he will go alone, and he will be most likely to take the road to the south. However, he may take the other road towards Newtown, where George Washington is, so you had better guard both passes. Take ten of your most reliable men, and divide them into two parties. Let five take the southern road, and five more take the Newtown road, and, if the young man attempts to pass, be sure and capture him."

The officer shook his head, as though troubled with a doubt.

"What!" cried Sir John, "do you think the task a difficult one?"

"No, your honor, you misunderstand me. I know something of Master Roderic's temper, and I know that he may resist us to the bitter end. If he should happen to be well armed, it might be impossible to capture him without doing him some injury. For my own self-control I might possibly answer, but if my men should be pushed to the extreme, I might not answer for them. Suppose that your nephew should be killed?"

John Glengyle took a turn to the window, and presently came back again.

"Sir Lieutenant," he said, "under ordinary circumstances I might hesitate before giving such an order, but under the present state of affairs, with the interests of our king at stake, I must do my duty. So, these are your orders: Roderic Glengyle must not leave us. If he attempts to go away, you will return him. Bring him alive if you can—bring him dead if you must!"

"I understand you now, sir."

"And you will see that it is done?"

"You may hold me responsible."

With this assurance John Glengyle left the soldiers' room, and as he went away, his hands were folded behind him, and his head was bent, and he muttered to himself of his nephew.

In the meantime Roderic was in his chamber, making preparations for his departure. He had fully made up his mind that he would devote his energies henceforth to the good of his country, and the sooner he could escape from the atmosphere of the dwelling of his tory uncle, the better. He washed the powder from his hands, and then donned another garb. It was still a hunting suit, stout and serviceable, but newer, and more daintily trimmed, than had been the one which he had cast off. He selected a few trinkets, took what money he had, and then turned his attention to his arms. His pistols were first looked to, and when he had wiped them and loaded them, he turned to his rifle. This was a valuable and trusty weapon, and he handled it as a person handles that which he loves. It was cleaned and loaded, and then the youth buckled a broad leathern belt about his loins, to which was suspended a short, heavy sword, and within which he stuck the pistols. In addition to this he had a small, double-barrelled pistol, which he carried in his breast pocket.

Roderic Glengyle had not thus armed himself because he expected any immediate need, but the weapons were his, and he might need them in the time to come, so he took them now, while he had the opportunity. To be sure, his uncle had threatened to have him arrested if he should attempt to leave the premises, but he did not place much dependence upon that. In short, he did not think much about it, either way. It was nearly four o'clock when he took his rifle under his arm and left his room, and he passed out from the house without meeting any one. He fancied, as he went through the hall, that he heard steps behind him, and upon turning his head, he thought he saw his uncle just slipping away by the drawing-room door. He did not stop, however, but kept on his way, and when he reached the piazza, he tarried only long enough to bid farewell to an old negro who was coming up from the stable.

The air was keen and frosty, and here and there, upon the crisp ground, were patches of snow, where the wind had laid the light flakes so thickly that the sun had not melted them. The shadows of the skeleton trees were already lengthening out and merging into a general shade, showing that the day was at its close, for that was the season of the year when the nights were drearily long. With a heart made light and hopeful by the indwelling of honest purpose, the youth sprang from the piazza, and hurried away through the park, and struck into the road that led to the south. He stopped when he had gained the highway, and turned one look back upon the home where his years of remembrance had been passed.

"Ah, there is no pain in the separation," he murmured. "I would not wrong my uncle, and yet I do not believe that he loves me. He has not the heart for loving his kind. Farewell, old Hall! You have some pleasant memories clustering around your walls, but the life I have led beneath your roof is not the life I would give to history. The life to be honored is in the future."

With these words he turned his face again to the south, and, swinging his rifle over his shoulder, he hastened on. At the distance of half a mile he came to a point where the road entered a wood, and instinctively he felt to see that his weapons were ready for use, not because he feared any danger, but more from a habit of being always prepared. The sun had set, and the night was creeping on apace, it being already quite dark in the wood, and as Roderic hurried on, humming a patriotic air, he was startled by the sudden appearance of five men in the path before him. They had come out from among the trees, and stood directly in his way. He stopped, and took his rifle from his shoulder, for he not only saw that the men were armed, but he recognized one of them as being a tory lieutenant whom he had seen at Waldvale. The truth flashed upon him in a moment. These were men whom his uncle had sent out to waylay and arrest him. They were tories, who had enlisted to serve the British.

"Hold!" cried the leader of the tory gang. And then advancing a step from his companions, he added—

"Roderic Glengyle, you are my prisoner!"

"A prisoner?" repeated the youth, with scornful emphasis. "Who are you that dares address me thus?"

"I am one who has authority," returned the lieutenant. "You must go back to Waldvale with me."

"*Must?*"

"Aye—such are my orders, and I hope that you will not drive upon me the necessity of using force."

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Roderic, "you speak most wonderfully. I just came from Waldvale, and have no desire to return so soon. So you will stand out of my way and let me pass."

"Hold, sir!" the officer shouted. "Listen before you push matters to the extremity. You must go back with us, for such are my orders, and those orders I shall most certainly execute."

"Who gave those orders?"

"Your uncle."

"And what was his reason?"

"You must ask him when you see him."

"Was it not because I had resolved to serve the patriot cause?"

"It matters not."

"Aye—but it does matter, as you shall see if you answer me truly. I have a reason for asking this. Now tell me: Did not my uncle order my arrest because I was a Patriot?"

"Because you are a Rebel," replied the officer.

"We won't stand upon terms," replied Roderic. "But answer me one thing more: In what capacity do you come?"

"I come," answered the lieutenant, a litttle hastily, "as an officer of the king, to arrest an avowed enemy."

"Ha—now we undestand each other; and, while I thank you for the information you have conveyed, I have to inform you that you will return without me."

"Not quite so fast, young man. You cannot fully understand me yet. Go back with me you must. My orders are imperative. You may go alive, or——"

"DEAD, is it?" cried our hero, grasping his rifle with soul-sent energy.

"Yes!"

Roderic felt every nerve in his body strung up to its utmost. Here was the first ordeal of his Patriot life. How should he meet it—how pass it? If he returned to Waldvale, what might be his fate there? Should he return or should he not? The officer had said "DEAD OR ALIVE!" Of course such had been the command of his uncle. These thoughts flashed through his mind like lightning; and, all thoughtless of the danger, he determined to fight his way through the barrier. His soul was braced to such a pitch of indignation, that he cared not how many men opposed him, because his life was not the subject of his most anxious thought. There was in that hour, with him, something more than life at stake; and that SOMETHING lay beyond these Tory hirelings, and he must pass them.

"One word," he said, in a voice very low, but yet most powerful in quality of tone, "I must pass on my way if I live. If I am carried back to Waldvale, you carry but my dead body! You have my decision. Mind you—this encounter is none of my seeking, and for its results I am not responsible. If you stand in my path, it is you who commence the conflict. Aye—and more: you have said—DEAD OR ALIVE! If it must be so, then upon the head of the dastard be the blame of the deed. Now let me pass!"

"You cannot."

"LET ME PASS!"

"You are our prisoner." And as the lieutenant thus spoke, he waved his hand to his men, and moved forward.

There was just one more thought in Roderic's mind. He might turn into the wood, and take to flight; but the order had been "dead or alive;" and he might be fired upon and shot in the back. Should he be shot in the back by a Tory? As this question flashed through his mind the spark was conveyed to the magazine of his soul, and the deep well of emotion was on fire.

"Hold!" he cried, in a hushy tone, which sounded upon the frosty air like the deep-drawn breath of the crouched lion. "Beware! Advance another step, and you die!"

With a derisive oath the lieutenant moved on, with his companions at his back. Quick as thought, and with a glancing sight that never failed, the Patriot youth caught the rifle to his shoulder. The report rang out sharp and clear upon the winter air, and the Tory leader fell forward upon the frozen ground, with a brace of bullets through his heart!

Without the hesitation of an instant Roderic cast down his empty piece, and drew his two heavy pistols, cocking them both as he brought them up.

"Hold!" broke again from his lips, this time in a voice of thunder. "Move but a step, and the nearest man falls! My aim never fails me!"

The four men stopped instinctively. It was not so much from fear as it was from the wondrous power of the youth's tone and bearing. It was one of those electric batteries of human soul-force which are, at times, irresistible; and those men, born and educated in the sphere of servitude, quailed before it. They had not been prepared for the fall of their leader; and they were not prepared to meet the spirit which now opposed them. The Patriot hero was close upon them; his pistols were aimed with deadly meaning; and, knowing something of his skill as a marksman, they felt sure that the first man of their number, who offered further hostile demonstration, would die.

"Lay down your arms, and let me pass!" said Roderic. "Do this, and we separate without further trouble. If you will not do it, then some of your lives shall go in exchange for mine!"

It was growing dark, and it was growing cold; and those four Tories, armed as they were, concluded to let the youth pass. They were not old soldiers—they had never been in battle. They had but just enlisted to serve their king, and this was probably their first essay in arms.

"It matters not to us," one of them at length said. "You may go if you will."

"Then down with your arms. Let me see you thus, and we part in peace."

They laid their muskets upon the ground, and then Roderic Glengyle picked up his rifle and moved on his way. He kept his pistols ready until he had got well beyond the Tory squad, when he quickened his pace, and was soon out of their sight.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEROINE!

"MAGGIE BURNS, what in the world are you doing?"

Maggie sat by the window, at work by the last rays of departing day. She was a beautiful girl, was Maggie Burns. Not handsome as the voluptuary styles beauty, nor yet a model for a Venus. But, had the artist, with a soul alive to the truth of nature, sought a model for the development of the largest heart and the boldest, freest spirit, combined with the most modest and unassuming of maidenly exteriors, he would have sought no further. Maggie was nineteen years of age, rather below the medium hight, with a robust, muscular frame. And yet, even though her hardiness of constitution was apparent at the first glance, there was nevertheless such a charm of modesty and native grace resting upon her, as with a halo, that her sterner characteristics were not noticed until circumstances brought them into play. Her hair was brown, and was gathered into a wavy, glossy mass behind the neck, where it was confined by a blue ribbon. Her garb was plain and simple, fitting closely around the ample waist, and cut short in the skirt, as was the fashion of those who lived in the woodland regions.

Her mother sat a little way from her, having just come in from some out-door work—a hale, hearty matron, but a few years past the middle age; with a face indicative of all womanly truth and love. She was a widow; her husband had been dead some six years; and since her bereavement she and her daughter had worked bravely and cheerfully for a livelihood. She owned the little cot where she lived, with its outbuildings, and the broad piece of rich and well-cultivated land adjoining; and in the barn were two cows, a flock of sheep, and a horse—all her property, and all well cared for. The widow's cot was situated three miles south of Waldvale, near to a little stream that emptied into the Neshaming. On the north side, and on the north-west, the woods were very near to the dwelling. On the east side ran the road; while upon the south and southwest lay the cultivated land. There was no other dwelling within a mile or more; so the place was quiet and retired enough, and some might have thought it lonesome.

"Maggie Burns, what in the world are you doing?"

"I am cleaning these old pistols, mother. They are as good as when my father left them; and I will soon have them as safe and sure." Maggie spoke with simple earnestness, still intent upon her work. The pistols were of a rare old pattern; the cocoa-wood stocks elaborately carved, and highly polished; and the mountings of fine silver; while the sharp clicking of the locks showed that the springs and ratchets were in perfect order.

"But," pursued the widow, "what has started you to this?"

"The TIMES, mother—the TIMES. There is no knowing how soon we may need some such friends as these."

"And do you think, my child, that we can have enemies?"

"Are not Tories moving in every direction?"

"But not against us, Maggie."

"Ah—we know not against whom they may move." As the maiden made this reply there was a momentary tremor perceptible in her frame, and for a few seconds she rested from her labors.

Johanna Burns—for such was the widow's name—may have at that moment comprehended her daugher's meaning. Her lips were suddenly closed; her hands were clutched, and her eye wandered furtively up to where an old rifle hung over the fire-place. It had been her husband's rifle, and she had used it with good effect herself.

"Mother, there is no need that we should attempt to disguise the aspect of the facts that surround us. I hope that no evil will come; but, if that hope shall fail, we may need something of this kind to fall back upon."

"Have you seen Roderic Glengyle lately?" the mother asked.

"Ah," replied Maggie, with a sad shake of the head, "we must not think of him. He can be nothing to us."

"But his heart is with us, my child."

"I hope it is."

"And do you think he will turn traitor to his country."

"I will not call him traitor, mother. And yet—I fear me that he dares not show his heart to the world. I can excuse him, somewhat, out of the great love I have borne him; and because I know how noble he can be. But his uncle is his only living relative. His uncle is wealthy, and he the only heir. His uncle is a Tory of the deepest dye, and the nephew may not dare to oppose him. I have not seen Roderic, to speak with him, for some time. He evidently shuns me. Time was when his coming was as the light of blessedness to my soul; but I have taught myself to forget him,—or—to—to—think of him only as one who is lost to us."

The tears which started to Maggie's eyes, and the choking of her utterance, gave proof that Roderic Glengyle was not to be so easily forgotten. However, she finally overcame the emotion, and then resumed her work. In a little while the pistols were in order, and the maiden's next movement was to load them, after which she put them away in the upper drawer of an old cabinet that stood in the room.

"You are a curious girl," said the widow, who had been intently watching her daughter's motions. "This is a sudden movement. Something must have occurred to put you in mind of these pistols at this time."

Maggie started as though she would have said no; but she hesitated, and for a few moments rested her brow upon her hand.

"Mother," she finally said, speaking slowly and earnestly, "if, for my life, I were to be asked why I have done this, I could not give a direct answer. All I can say is—I have felt so disposed. Something has seemed to whisper to me that such companions as my father's pistols might not come amiss. And, furthermore, I have an affection for those old weapons. They have been neglected long enough. Hark!—Some one is coming."

The mother and daughter both listened, and footsteps were plainly heard approaching the cot.

"They come from the South," said the widow.

"Yes," returned Maggie. "It may be some of the Tories returning to Waldvale; for I fully believe that Waldvale Hall is the rendezvous for the traitorous men. But, mother, it is growing dark, and we had better have a light burning."

Without reply Mrs. Burns lighted a candle, and placed it upon the table, and very soon afterwards some one stopped before the cot. Maggie was moving towards the window to look out, when there came a loud rap upon the door, and she turned her steps in that direction to answer the summons.

"Ah, Miss Maggie," cried a voice, as she opened the door, "I am glad to see you. I have come to speak with you a moment."

Instinctively Maggie Burns retreated into the cot, and the man followed her, closing the door behind him as he entered the sitting-room.

"Louis Griswold," said the maiden, "what seek you here?" She spoke proudly, and with a look of disdain upon the visitor.

This Louis Griswold was a man somewhere near thirty years of age, short and stout of frame; with a thick, broad head, covered with coarse, closely curling hair; a low flat brow; a chin loose and a wide, large mouth with flabby lips; while the nose and eyes were jammed together, into the narrowest possible compass. He wore a sort of undress uniform, and carried a sword and pistols. He was one of the most servile of the Tory tribe; and was, in some respects, a dangerous man.

"Sit down, sweet Maggie," he said, in reply to her demand. "Sit down, and we will understand each other."

"I have no need to sit at present," the girl answered. "Let me first know why you are here."

"By Saint George, pretty one, but you are prompt and pert. However, I rather like your spirit, so I won't take offence. But I'd like to see you alone, Maggie."

"No, sir. Anything that is proper for me to hear may be spoken in presence of my mother."

"Well," said Griswold, biting his lips, "we won't quarrel about that now. If you would have me speak before mother, so be it."

"I would have it so, sir." And now, as though the intensity of her feelings tended to fatigue her, she sat down.

Capt. Griswold followed her example; and, as he drew his chair quite near to her he seemed to be nerving himself for the part he had to play.

"I haven't much time to spare," he said, his hands resting with a clutch upon his knees; "for this is a period when men are busy; but I must say what I have to say before I leave you; and, since you will have your mother here, you will pardon me if I speak without regard to her."

Maggie inclined her head, and Griswold proceeded:

"You know what has passed between us in the times agone; and you know how I love you——"

"Stop!" cried the maiden, with sudden energy. "Speak to me no more of that."

"But I must speak of it, sweet one. I came here on purpose to speak of it."

"I tell you, Louis Griswold, that I will not hear it."

"Maggie Burns, you must hear it. By the heavens above me, you SHALL hear it. I have been put off long enough. I have toyed, and flattered, and said soft things as long as any maiden can reasonably desire; and now I come down to the plain fact. If you choose to stand upon your dignity, I'll do the same; and we'll see who shall come out best. Now, I ask you—will you answer my proposal? Will you be mine?"

"No!—never!" exclaimed Maggie, starting to her feet, and clasping her hands before her.

"Easy, my pretty one. Be careful what you say. I did not come here to be denied. As true as I live, I will possess you. I have lived long upon hope, and the cup shall not be dashed from my lips just as I am raising the sweet draught to my taste. I mean what I say; so have a care. Be my wife if you will, and the priest shall marry us to-morrow. But—mine you shall be, at any rate!"

"Foul dastard!" cried the maiden, losing all regard for present safety in the deep flood of indignation that swept through her soul, "I would sooner die than be your wife. Aye—sooner than mate with such as you I would give my body as a prey to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air! Can you understand me now?"

"By Heaven," raved the Tory, arising from is chair, and stamping his foot upon the floor, "YOU ARE MINE!" And as he spoke he took a step towards her. But he did not reach her, for one who had thus far kept silence now appeared upon the scene.

"Back, sir! You forget yourself!" It was the widow who spoke; and she approached with uplifted hands. "Beware that you do not call down the vengeance of God upon you."

The interference of Johanna Burns only served to increase the villain's madness. For her gray hairs he had no respect; and her warning he treated with scorn.

"Back, you!" he retorted, shaking his fist in her face. "I suffered your presence, but I will not suffer your interference."

"Miserable man," returned the widow, her Scotch blood fully aroused, "you know not to whom you speak if you think to intimidate me. This is my house—my castle; and this is my child. Only when I am dead shall they be trespassed upon with impunity. Beware, sir! I am but a woman; but even a woman has power against such villains as thou dost represent!"

Louis Griswold ground his teeth in rage, and a fierce oath dropped from his lips. He took one step nearer to Maggie, and then he turned towards the widow. Passion had not so completely blinded him but that he could see the signs of determination upon their countenances; and, with the purpose of a man who has set his life upon the cast, he planned for the surest method of accomplishing the end he had in view.

"Woman," he said, speaking through his grinding teeth, "I will show you whether Louis Griswold is to be thwarted thus. By the soul of the king, I'll storm your castle and your daughter. You don't know me!"

With these words he turned to the door and went out; and, before the mother or daughter had opportunity to speak, he returned, with two stout, rough men bearing him company.

"Here, boys," he cried, pointing his finger towards the widow, "take that old hag hence! Seize her and carry her out; and if she makes any noise, let her mouth be stopped!"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked Maggie, when she saw those two brutal men approaching her mother. "O! in Heaven's name, touch not her! Spare, O, spare my mother!"

"Oho—you begin to feel the weight, do you?" said Griswold, exultingly. "But we'll have you in closer quarters than this.——Take her out, my men! Out with her!"

The two villains placed their hands upon the widow; and, with coarse oaths, and mocking laughter, dragged her towards the door.

"Mercy! mercy!" prayed the mother.

"Spare her—O, spare her!" echoed the daughter.

"Out with her!" shouted Griswold; and then, turning to the maiden, he added,—"You see I came prepared. I came, determined that you should be mine; and mine you shall be, in spite of all the opposing powers of heaven and earth!"

Maggie Burns sank back against the wall, and for a single instant she was weak from the overpowering excitement of the occasion. But she was not weak for long. As she started up, and her soul arose above the fear of the hour, her thoughts were quick and connected, and to the point. The whole scheme, with its plans and its results, was before her, as upon a painted canvass. Why was this violence? She shuddered as the question came, and then she grew quickly strong; for it meant something worse than death to her. And then she turned her gaze upon her mother—upon her mother in the hands of those brutal men. What would they do to her? Perhaps kill her! Why were they dragging her away?

"Mercy! O, mercy!" gasped the poor widow.

Maggie Burns heard that voice of agony, its tones now weak and painful; and her movement was quick and energetic. She flew to the old cabinet—tore open the drawer—and drew forth both the pistols. She cocked them, and then turned upon the villains.

"Hold!" she cried. "Take your hands from my mother, or I shall kill you!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Griswold. "Go on, my men. She won't fire. The pistols aren't loaded."

"They are loaded!—as true as heaven they are loaded!" returned Maggie. Her look was noble, her glance full of fire, and her carriage proud and defiant. Still there was a touch of prayer in her next speech:

"For the love of God, spare my mother! Unhand her, or I fire!"

Griswold, who seemed to think that there was no possibility of the maiden's carrying out her threat, at this moment sprang to hold open the door, at the same time shouting:

"Out with her, my men;—out with her quick,—and leave the girl with me."

The ruffians, in obedience to this command, laid their hands still more heavily upon the feebly struggling woman; and, with wicked oaths, prepared to force her on.

Maggie Burns could stand no more. With lips closed, and every nerve in her body strung like finely tempered steel, she started forward and presented a pistol at the head of him who had his unhallowed hand upon her mother's mouth. The report came with a flash and a crash, and from the curling smoke the villain's head quickly drooped—drooped upon his bosom—and he fell forward upon the threshold of the door. Quick as thought the maiden seized the other pistol in her right hand, and took a step back; and she was just in time to escape a blow from the fist of the second ruffian. A second blow was aimed at her, and she discharged the other pistol. The ball entered the rascal's breast, and as he staggered back against the door-post, Maggie flew to the fire-place, caught down the rifle, and then retreated to the corner of the room.

All this had passed so quickly that Louis Griswold had hardly had time to think. The first shock had confounded him; and when he really commanded his senses again, the heroic maiden had gained the rifle, and stood ready for him. Had it been a man in the maiden's place he might not have been so moved; but as it was, he was taken at a wondrous disadvantage in the very nature and character of the enemy. However, he was not long in doubt. The two men whom he had called in had both fallen; but he had more at hand.

Aye—and they were coming, too. The reports of the fire-arms had alarmed them, and they were coming to see what had happened. Four rough, ungainly, ignorant men, who were of fit material for Tory hirelings, armed with muskets, came crowding in over the body of their companion who had fallen in the doorway.

"Ah!" cried Griswold, who had been just upon the point of calling them in, "you come in good time. Bring your muskets to the poise, and cock them. Ready, now, and take aim at those two women! I'll see if they cannot be subdued!"

The widow had gained a place by the side of her daughter, and together they stood facing the Tories.

"I will die before falling into that man's hands!" whispered Maggie.

"God help us!" ejaculated the mother, with her hands clasped towards heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

IN WALES.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Talk to my heart, oh winds—talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds with you a new delight—
Finds always new delight in your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace as you used to, long ago,
In your shadowy trysting place, when you seemed to love me so—
When you sweetly kissed me so, on the green hills long ago.
ALICE CARY.

It is a wild, wet day in the very heart of the Welsh mountains. The rain has been falling steadily since morning; the wind howls over the hills, and moans around the house like a human being in distress, and the yellow leaves lying on the ground are damp and discolored, and soaking into the clayey soil. Not a house is in sight except the gray stone church and parsonage, nestling under the shadow of Voel Mamea, ("the mother of the hills,") and a lonely hut upon the mountain, built for the miners who go down the black-looking shaft beside it. Everything is cold and cheerless and dismal; the sky is full of driving clouds; the day is drawing grayly to a close, and we shall have a terrible night. But on my hearth the fire blazes brightly, familiar pictures hang upon the wall, familiar books line the study shelves, a lily blossoms in the window, and the last flowers of the season fill the vases on the table; my writing desk is just before the blaze, and leaning back in its easy chair, I can let "my eyes make pictures when they're shut" of other lands more fair than this, and other days when all within and without me was made bright and beautiful by the sunshine of a happy May.

It is strange what contradictory creatures we are. Strange that what we have longed for most earnestly, and labored wildly to attain, loses all its charms when once our eager grasp is on it. Years and years ago when I was a child, I used to hear my old nurse sing, as she sat at work:

"Oh, that I was where I would be!
Where I would be there I am not—
Where I am there I must be—
Where I long, there I cannot!"

and I wondered, in my simplicity, what the meaning of the riddle could be. Her face was pale and sad and wrinkled, and perhaps her long life had been spent in finding the solution which has come to me while yet in the freshness of my days. My poor old nurse! As she chanted that monotonous song day after day, she was but a type of the whole human race—always seeking and never finding—always looking *beyond*, ever lifting up a beseeching eye, and lifting it in vain. The lesson comes home to me most vividly to-night. How many times, when I sat in my seat at the village school in Woodstock, and watched the long ray of sunshine stealing in between the trees of the Park, and gradually stretching across the dusty floor, marking the decline of the day, and the welcome "four o'clock," how often have I glanced upon the map of England and traced out these breezy hights of Flintshire, longing feverishly to roam out into the world, to leave my home and all who knew me there, and to see the mother country, and the land of bards and heroes—Wales. I had dreams by day and by night of the cool recesses of these mountains; I used to feel the heather beneath my feet, to walk through the vineyards of the Rhine, to gaze on ruined Kenilworth, and watch the setting sun from the white solitude of Mont Blanc. And now—now that all those childish visions have become realized—now that I have seen and heard and felt all; now that my old idea of perfect happiness—a home in a Welsh cottage—is put into practice, and I have the cliffs of Caernarvon, the ruins of Conway, and the sea-washed rocks of Holyhead not far away, is the unquiet spirit yet at rest? Ah, I shake my head as I ask myself the question, and look into the fire, and sigh

"A child's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Beside the window and fronting me as I sit near the grate, hangs a small engraving in a gilt frame, that takes me back a year or two, and makes the solitude of my mountain home alive with faces I shall see, voices I shall hear no more. It is the picture of a green and shady wood, through which a little brook cascades and ripples down to pasture grounds beyond the wall. There are great maple trees upon the banks that cast their dancing shadows on the stream; there are great stones in its bed, that make a bridge across from side to side. On one of those stones a young girl stands, holding the skirt of her dress in one hand, while the other rests in that of a tall, fair-haired youth, who has bared his head to lead his lady love across, and gazed upon her much as a knight of old might have looked at her whose scarf or glove he wore. It is a simple picture; but both are so young and fair, so intent upon each other, so indifferent to all around them, so willing, if need be, to stand forever in that green and lovely nook, with nothing but the singing of the birds and the whispering of the leaves, and the beating of their own hearts to break the stillness; that I can but watch them—grown up Babes in the Wood that they are. Anon a cloud comes stealing over the bright scene. I remember a sunny summer morning, not many months ago, when I crossed such a brook myself in the woods of New Hampshire, and leaned for help on a hand which will never touch my own again. Ah, stir the fire till it blazes high, and wheel the chair away. There are some memories that do more harm than good to the soul, and this is one of them.

I suppose every one, or almost every one, has read a book called "Grace Lee." Of the writer I know nothing, but to that book I owe my present home in Wales. When I first studied its pages, (for I *do* study books now,) I was struck by the characters of Grace and John Owen more than anything else. Time touched my eyes with his musical balsam, and I saw them as they were—two impracticable, hard-headed, though good-hearted creatures, who worshipped their own wills far more than they worshipped God, and to whom (if the hand of sorrow had not at last been mercifully laid upon them) a sound beating would not have come amiss. But though Grace and her John were no longer among the number of my idols, their chosen country seemed as lovely as ever. There were little, lovely bits of scenery scattered here and there in the book that I had learned by heart; and now and then, as I walk over these hills in the sober autumn time, they come back to me like the minor notes of some familiar yet half-forgotten song. With the pencil of an artist the authoress has painted Wales, with the music of a bard she has sung of it, with the soul of a patriot she must have loved it. And well might she do so. There is a land beyond the sea that sleeps in the sunshine of summer and winter beneath the shadow of a broad, free flag; a land whose harvest fields are yellow with ripened grain, whose forests stand like one vast assemblage of woodland kings, whose ships ride on every sea, whose name is known in every country as the watchword of peace and liberty. I love that land with heart and soul, and I know its varied beauty as a lover knows the face of his lady; yet sometimes when I stand upon the hights of Voel Mamea, and look down upon the smiling landscape shut in by the blue ocean, and by the beetling crags on every side, I could almost dream that I was there. That white cottage in a field of waving grain—surely it is the walls of Gan Eden that I see! And the deep grove of trees and the pasture land beyond, though owned by one of the proudest noblemen in England—the Marquis of Westminster—still are they not, oh Arthur and Lucia, the self-same places where we used to stray, (in those sweet days so far away and yet so near at hand,) while the quiet blessing of a Sabbath evening came down upon the weary earth. Ah, they are much alike—the land of my birth and the land of my adoption—and though the stars and stripes are shining over the one, and the royal ensign floats above the other, what matters it—God bless them both!

How steadily the rain beats down, how thick the night-mist grows. I lean against the window-panes and look over at the gray parsonage and church beneath Voel Mamea. A lamp burns in the study window; and the sky behind the hills, where the sun went down invisibly, is touched with a pearly gray that contrasts finely with the gloomy clouds this way. As I gaze, I muse upon a country which is not America, nor England, nor yet Wales. A country which is the land of refuge for the weary and oppressed, the stranger and the exile, and to which that pearly cloud might be the entrance-gate. Where all will be one great nation—all marching under the banner of the Saint, and entering into their Father's house to take their rest forevermore. Oh, how the blessed thought falls softly on this aching, throbbing heart, and puts the memory of all its bitter pain away!

"And the city hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.

And the nations shall walk in the light of it.

And the gates thereof shall not be shut by day; for there shall be no night there.

They shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall rule them, and shall lead them to the fountains of the water of life; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!"

* * *

WARTS.—We have seen it stated in a medical journel that nobody can tell where warts come from, or where they go to, or what causes them. It seems that thus far warts have proved to be too much for the medical profession and for science. They suddenly appear on one's finger, hand, neck, cheek, or nose, and after withstanding cutting, grubbing, caustic, and all manner of allopathic treatment, for months, without the slightest sign of cure, they disappear in one night with a suddenness and mysteriousness highly perplexing to an inquiring mind. Can anybody explain the cause of this effect? for, of course, this effect defective comes by cause.

OUT OF THE WAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Ah, how happy we might have been—
  Archy and I, in the golden west—
Only twenty years old, and a chin
  Just as brown as a robin's breast.

All the girls in the village knew
  My love, and are lightly whispering,
"After all, he was all untrue,
  And her heart is broken—poor silly thing!"

O if I dared to speak the truth
  And say, in spite of each lifted brow,
"With all the strength of his manly youth,
  Archy loved me, and loves me now!"

But I may not even speak through prayer—
  Custom—the sanctions of all the past,
Shut me in the exhausted air
  That slowly kills, though it kills at last.

The bird has her season to build and sing—
  The rose her time to be sweet and red;
But I, in the flush and flower o' my spring—
  I, the living, must be as the dead.

And am I less than th' birds and flowers
  That have no famishing need within?
To hold in reverence all the powers
  That God has given me—this is my sin.

And am I living the life *he* meant?
  Where mothers are smiling and children gay—
No little hand within mine—content
  To sit in a corner out of the way.

◆

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You coward!" ejaculated Mr. Raymond, in a tone of impatience that could not be suppressed, and catching up his fragile little wife, he bore her in his arms out among the breakers, and held her firmly while the foaming surf dashed over them. She was white and shivering when he brought her back to the shore.

"There's no danger. What a coward you are!" said Mr. Raymond, half in anger, as his wife stood with her snowy feet just buried in the edge of a fast receding wave. "Come back into the surf again. See! There are over a hundred ladies in the water now."

But the pale, slender little woman held back, overcome by nervous fears, answering—

"No, Henry; I do not care to go in again. I'm all in a tremor. The water is too cold for me."

Her teeth chattered as she spoke.

"Cold! Pshaw! The water is warm as milk. You're afraid! That's the trouble. I wouldn't be such a coward for a kingdom. Come along! Another dash among the waves will tone up your nerves and put courage into your heart."

And saying this, Mr. Raymond, a strong, stout, warm-blooded man, with animal courage enough to face almost any danger, partly dragged and partly bore his weak and frightened wife back again among the seething waters, where, in his thoughtless cruelty, he permitted a wave to break entirely over her. She did not expect, and so was not prepared for this. The briny fluid entered her mouth and nostrils, strangling and terrifying her to such a degree that when her husband carried her to the shore, she was unable, from nervous exhaustion, to stand.

Weak brandy and water, and half an hour in bed, restored Mrs. Raymond's nervous system to its normal condition, but no persuasion could induce her to bathe again. Mr. Raymond scolded, taunted and ridiculed her for this cowardice, but all efforts to overcome her timidity were in vain. Had he permitted her to make her way gradually into the surf, to try for a little while the smooth water inside of the breakers, she might have gained courage, and at last found herself unterrified among the rushing and foaming waves. But he was too impatient a man for this.

From the sea shore Mr. Raymond took his wife to Niagara, where he lost patience with her again. He wanted her to pass with him under the great sheet of water, but the bare idea made her shiver.

"There's no more danger for you than for me," urged the husband. "Ladies go under the Falls every day. Come, now; be a brave little woman. It will be something to talk about."

"No inducement would tempt me, Henry," answered Mrs. Raymond.

"Well, I always did hate a coward!" broke from the lips of Mr. Raymond, as he turned in brief anger from his wife, and strode the room with the sweep and strength of a vigorous animal. He did not see the sudden going out of light from his wife's countenance, nor the pain and fear that swept over it.

Always did hate a coward! And had he not, over and over again, called her a coward? These were the hardest words that ever came from her impulsive husband's lips, and the hurt went very deep.

"And so you will not go under the falls with me?" he said, in a cold, half offended way, turning from a window where he had stationed himself after his flurry about the room.

"Yes, I will go." Mrs. Raymond did not smile nor speak cheerfully, nor even look into her husband's face. But her tones were firm. She spoke in earnest.

"You will?" Mr. Raymond's voice leaped with a sudden surprise, in which pleasure was mingled.

"Yes." Ah, if he could have looked past her sober face, and seen the struggling fears in her heart; fear of mortal danger contending with fear of losing her husband's love!

"I always did hate a coward!" Already had passed from his thoughts the memory of these unguarded words. But could she forget? Never! "If he hates a coward, I must exhibit no more fears." Not in any utterance of words was this resolve taken. But still it was the fixed law of her life for all the time to come. What were bodily harms, or death, even, to loss of her husband's love? Nothing—nothing. But had she banished fear from her heart? Had her sensitive organization, in which fear of external danger was almost an idiosyncracy, changed in a moment? O, no! She was the same as to this; but a stronger fear held weaker fears in subjection.

And so, in an hour from that time, Mrs. Raymond passed under the avalanche of water that came thundering down into the abyss below. Scarcely with a higher moral courage, or a more shrinking consciousness of life-peril, did martyr of old advance to the stake or scaffold. Pale lips, and colorless face, and trembling hands that grasped the stout arm of her husband, were all in evidence of what she suffered—but these were scarcely noted by Mr. Raymond, who felt exhilarated by the scene, and exultant at having overcome the vain terrors of his nervous wife.

"You see there is no danger," he said, lifting his hand to the great moving wall of waters that shut them from the world. But his voice was drowned in the thunder of the cataract. Soon she began to draw upon his arm. The terror did not lessen by familiarity; she was panting to return. But Mr. Raymond, with something of the feeling that men have who force a scary horse to the very side of a locomotive, and hold him there to cure him of fear, kept his wife under the fall until she came near fainting. How near, he never knew. Mr. Raymond praised and complimented her for her bravery, without having the most distant perception of what she had endured. His praise was grateful, and she was glad that she had gone with him, though, whenever thought went realizingly to the scene under that terrible sheet of down rushing water, which shook the earth in its fall, a shudder crept through her heart.

Next Mr. Raymond proposed a trip in the "Maid of the Mist." Twice since their visit to the Falls, had Mrs. Raymond watched this fragile little steamer, as she went bravely—recklessly, it seemed to her—almost to the edge of the leaping torrent, which seemed to grasp after the tiny vessel, eager for its destruction. No money would have tempted her, no power forced her into that peril. But now, trying to shut her eyes to danger, she said, "yes," and prepared to go. But to remove all perception of danger was simply impossible. Firmly grasping her husband's arm, and without a word expressing her terror, Mrs. Raymond stood, with pale, closed lips, and eyes widely dilated, as the boat steamed up into the very spray of the Falls. His was the enjoyment, hers the suffering. Death might come to her in almost any of his usual forms, and she might be aware of his approach, yet remain peaceful in soul compared with the agitations that rent her on this occasion.

"What a brave little woman you have become!" said the pleased husband, as the boat headed round and left the point of danger. The praise was grateful, but no adequate compensation for the pain he had forced her to endure.

"And now for Montreal and the Rapids."

"I would prefer going back and spending a week at Saratoga," answered the wife, her heart shrinking at thought of going through the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the perils of which were greatly exaggerated in her imagination. She had read of them, and heard of them from summer tourists, and the dangers of the passage were vivid impressions on her mind.

Mr. Raymond understood his wife, in this objection, as well as she understood herself; but that only made him the more fixed in his purpose to go down among the rapids. He must cure her of this foolish weakness that was interfering so much with his comfort and her enjoyments. And so, the shrinking, fearful, reluctant, little woman was forced to encounter new alarms, and to suffer in a degree that it was impossible for her husband to comprehend. Thence he would proceed to the White Mountains; and though he knew his wife's fear of a horse, he coolly planned an ascent in which she must make one of the party. But excessive nervous excitement, continued through so long a period, wrought its legitimate effects upon her delicate organization. On the morning selected for the ascent, Mrs. Raymond was too ill to leave her bed. At first, her impatient husband fumed a little, and alleged pretence; but he was quickly disabused of that error, for, hurt by the allegation, she made an effort to get up and dress herself, but fainted and fell upon the floor.

It was nearly a week before Mrs. Raymond could be removed. Then, by short journeys, her husband bore her back to New York, their place of residence, with a feeling of discouragement in his heart. Weakness, timidity, nervous fears—these were so far outside of his organization, that he could neither sympathize with nor tolerate them. He admired boldness, freedom, strength, courage; but, with the instinct of a nature such as his, despised their opposites. Not being a man of much self-denial, or very considerate of others, Mr. Raymond made little effort to conceal from his wife what he really felt and thought; but always treated her weakness as something blameworthy. It took months for her to recover fully from the effects of this summer tour. But for the feeble babe that lay in her arms, when the next season came round, she would have been forced through the same ordeal. That gave the stay-at-home argument its full value; and she did not leave the city, except for a couple of weeks' residence at the house of a friend on the Hudson. It was a pleasant summer to her compared with the previous one; but Mr. Raymond fretted over it as dull and stupid. He wanted the exhilarant ocean, the bold cataract, the lofty mountain, and the fleet courser. There was joy to a temperament like his, even in the face of danger.

A few years went on, and the tremulous nerves of Mrs. Raymond did not grow any firmer in the face of bodily peril. She was a weak, timid, shrinking woman still, only more successful in hiding her fears from the intelligent eyes of her ruddy, robust, iron-nerved husband, who, to use his own boastful words, didn't know the quality of fear.

But there is more than one kind of strength and courage. That which Mr. Raymond possessed is shared with the lion and the bear; it was animal courage and strength. The courage to look disaster in the face; to stand up bravely in the front of adverse opinions; to walk steadily onward in the path of duty, though men sneer and blame; to be true to honor and virtue amid the sorest temptations; to do right, even though friends and fortune are lost; this is the higher form of courage; this is to have real strength. And the day was at hand in which Mr. Raymond was to be tried by the truer standard.

Mrs. Raymond had noticed, with concern, a growing abstraction on the part of her husband. His wonted cheerfulness was gone; and, gradually, lines of care and trouble began to show themselves on his face. He went out alone in the evening more frequently than before, and to her questions, answered that he had business engagements. Then he had calls from men not known to Mrs. Raymond, who would sit late in his private room; and sometimes their voices, in loud and earnest talk, would startle her with vague anxieties. That something was going wrong she felt sure, but had not the remotest intimation of its nature, though she had, time and again, endeavored to win the confidence of her husband.

The truth was, commercial ruin impended, and Mr. Raymond was beating about, with more of blind desperation than calm judgment, in search of the way to extricate himself. To take this weak, fearful, timid little wife into his counsels was never thought of for a moment. He must save her from shock and harm if possible. The storm, that was lowering in his sky, must not strike upon her; for, at the first touch of its chill winds, leaf would wither and blossom fall. Now he felt for her a deeper and more pervading tenderness. The threatened danger he could fully comprehend; and if the evil lowering in the sky was so fearful to him, would she not die in terror at its first frown? Carefully he sought to guard her; and jealously he concealed all intimations of peril. But she was not deceived. Great peril she knew to be at hand, though in ignorance of its nature.

One evening two men were alone with her husband. She had noticed, on their being announced by the servant, an expression on his face that startled her by its strangeness. He had risen up quickly, and, as it seemed to her, in a slightly agitated manner, going from the apartment where they sat, hastily. Half an hour subsequently, as Mrs. Raymond passed the door of her husband's office, or private room, whither he had taken his two visitors, she was startled by hearing one of the men say, in an urgent voice:

"It's your only chance, Mr. Raymond."

There was dead silence for a few moments. Mrs. Raymond held her breath, listening for the answer.

"It takes a brave man to look ruin in the face." Was that her husband's voice? How full of bitterness! How depressed! How shorn of its confidence!

"A braver man than I," was responded. "But why talk of ruin, with the means of safety within your grasp, Mr. Raymond?"

"I do not like the means."

"Does a drowning man hesitate when the means of escape are offered?"

There came no reply to this question.

"Think of all the terrible consequences that must follow, Mr. Raymond. It will kill your wife!"

The groan that parted the lips of Mr. Raymond, was audible to the startled listener's ears.

"Mercantile dishonor, ruined fortunes, a tainted name, even—for against every unfortunate man there are some to whisper of fraud and wrong—think of these things, Mr. Raymond,"—thus urged the tempter—"and then decide the question. Get beyond this extremity, and all will be well. No wrong is intended, and none need ensue. This money pressure is but temporary. Keep your credit unsullied, and when this sudden storm is over, you will find yourself on smooth water, with a sunny sky above. Everything depends on your keeping afloat now. If you go under, all is lost now and forever. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

"If I stood alone," said Mr. Raymond, in a tone so full of trouble that it brought tears to the eyes of his listening wife, "I would not hesitate. The remedy you propose is worse than the disease, and I would die rather than take it. But other lives hang on mine. Ruin will not pause when I go down, but trample ruthlessly on other hearts."

The door of the room swung firmly open, and the apparition of a woman startled the inmates.

"You do not stand alone!" said a brave voice, and Mrs. Raymond moved to the side of her husband. Her step was strong, her form lifted to its full hight, her cheeks flushed with quickly-moving blood, her mouth calm and resolute, her eyes full of strength and courage, "and therefore the stronger reason why you should hesitate. Take no further counsel of these men," she added, her tones growing almost severe; "the little I have heard them say tells me that they are not safe advisers. If the ruin they predict is to fall, let it fall, but keep your honor unsullied. I am brave enough to stand by your side in any trouble that God in His wisdom may send, but not brave enough to meet the consequences that will surely follow if you go forward in the way that is now proposed."

Mr. Raymond turned and looked into the face and upon the form of his wife with an expression of surprise, doubt and astonishment.

"Are you brave enough," he asked, "to meet wide-sweeping ruin? to give up this luxurious home? to go down into poverty and neglect?"

"If my husband comes out of the fiery trial as gold from the crucible, yes," was calmly answered.

"My good name will suffer."

"Through false assertion!" Mrs. Raymond spoke quickly.

"Yes, for I have not purposely wronged any man."

"The good heart will be my tower of strength," she said, a smile touching her lips.

"You are answered." Mr. Raymond looked from his wife to the men who, a little while before, had nearly drawn him away from the path of honor and safety. His countenance grew almost stern. "Let the worst come. My feet have touched the solid rock, and shall rest thereon, immovable."

And silently the baffled tempters withdrew. Not to advise Raymond for his own safety had they come, but to secure an advantage for themselves by means that would have wronged others, and surely disgraced the unhappy, bewildered, and almost desperate man they were dragging to the brink of a precipice.

"Tell me all, dear husband—all—all! I am strong enough to hear the worst, and brave enough to stand by your side, facing the whole world. Misfortune comes not alone to us. It falls upon thousands and tens of thousands, and shall we not bear it patiently? Not from without is real happiness, but from within. Reverses and changes cannot rob us of love, peace, and the blessing that God sends always to the pure of heart."

Mr. Raymond told her all, and she listened to the statements which left no shadow of hope, without blanching cheek or quivering lip. The timid, feeble little woman who shuddered in sight of the cataract, and grew pale and faint as the surf swept towards her fragile form, stood up without a shrinking nerve as the tempest of misfortune grew black overhead. Brave, hopeful words came from her lips, and strength from her strong heart passed to the fainting and fearful heart of her husband, who, but for her courageous bearing, would have stumbled in the path of duty, and sullied, through the weakness of terror, a good name, which he still bears proudly before all men.

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A BRACE OF HUMBUGS.

BY CATTY B.

For some time past Mrs. Paulina Livingston has bestowed upon the boarding-house in which I reside the inestimable boon of her presence. Mrs. Livingston was introduced at our establishment as a gay, dashing widow of forty-five, wealthy, still charming, and by no means frightened at the result of two matrimonial speculations, quite ready to enter into a third whenever a first-rate opportunity offered.

She came, she saw, but unfortunately she found nobody to conquer. Here is an extract from a private letter to one of Mrs. Livingston's correspondents, which, as the newspaper folk say, I have, as a great favor, been permitted to copy:

"I am quite charmed by the situation of my new boarding place. The house is well kept, the table excellent, and the landlady obliging. But it's a lonely place, after all—nobody but a few married people, regular turtle-doves, too tame for either flirtation or jealousy a widow or two, three boys of nineteen or twenty and that old maid, Catty B., who is always going about to societies and places. I didn't know how to manage at first, but I go out every day, and, just to keep my hand in, I flirt mildly with Monsieur F. when he comes every day to dress my wig and give me a shock or two of electricity that I take to make my eyes bright. You know, my dear creature, I tell you all my secrets, so I may speak of these things, as well as of my false teeth, and the plumpers in my cheeks that make me look so youthful. But you know, though a censorious world will perhaps not believe it, that I never use either rouge or pearl powder, my complexion being sufficiently good without their aid. Just now I am putting in array all the artillery I have at command. The Rev. Dr. Honeywell has recently arrived. He brought a letter of introduction to Catty B. from some branch society or other, in the West, and finding there were vacant rooms here, concluded to take up his abode with us. He is a splendid-looking man; the very tie of that lovely white neckcloth of his is as good as a sermon: and then, to think—he is a Doctor of Divinity! a widower without children! and pastor of one of those rich Western city churches where the minister is so petted and pampered: I think he'll do. I shall try, at any rate, though I fear I shall not be able to appear as devout as he would expect his wife to be. Of course, he is greatly interested in the 'objects,' whatever they may be, that Catty B. is always raising heaven and earth to accomplish. He says she is a 'noble woman, so energetic, so self-sacrificing, and would make a most excellent clergyman's wife if she had not lived single so long as to acquire certain fixed habits, and modes of thought and action, that might come in conflict with his and his people's, and thus produce parish difficulties.' From which, though he has only been three days in the house, our hostess infers that he has already offered himself to Catty, and been refused. I shall make it my task to bind up the wounds his amiable heart must have received, as soon as I can find out from Catty B. just where he comes from, and who he is."

It is not necessary for me to state whether the conjecture given above, in relation to Dr. Honeywell and myself, was true or not. But on the day following that on which this letter was written, I had the pleasure of giving Mrs. Livingston all the information I possessed in relation to the reverend gentleman whom I already regarded as an insufferable bore, and more than suspected to be a humbug, though the letter he brought me seemed to prove that he was not an imposter. This letter I showed to Mrs. Livingston, it being from the Secretary of one of our Western Branch Societies, and merely stating that Dr. Honeywell was the lately settled pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in N——, and that, being about to visit our city, and feeling great interest in our cause, he had requested the enclosed introductory letter.

The doctor had informed me that the wife of his youth had died some years previously, leaving him bereaved and childless, and this was all I knew of him in addition to the secretary's letter, and the extremely pompous manner that seemed to assume for him an immense superiority over all ordinary individuals with whom he came in contact.

Mrs. Livingston forthwith proceeded to open the battery of her charms upon the doctor. She laid aside the gay colors and the flaunting robes that she had worn, and appeared at the table and in the drawing-room in rich but somewhat sombre clothing. Her exquisite taste was visible even in this change, and she had never looked better than on the evening following our conversation, when seated in state upon the front parlor sofa she welcomed, by a gracious bend and a smile that displayed those pearly teeth—perfection of dental art—the reverend doctor to a seat by her side.

Under the circumstances in which the widow and the doctor met—two subtle strategists seeking the same end—progress is swift. In three weeks after the doctor's arrival his engagement to Mrs. Livingston was announced, and in another the marriage took place. The happy pair drove away, bearing with them profuse good wishes, mine among the rest, and in the doctor's pocket-book reposed snugly the credentials he had asked me to obtain for him of the agent of our society.

That very day brought me a long expected letter from the West, in answer to one I had written to my friend, the Secretary, desiring fuller information regarding the Doctor.

"He is a wordy, pompous man, too indolent to devote himself to his duties, with too little talent to succeed in any but some small place, and among people glad to receive even the crumbs of the word from any lips. I had to write his letter of recommendation, because it was voted by the society He married at the East in his youth, before coming here. His wife, a fragile, lovely creature, only survived a few months of Western hardship; but he afterwards married a second time, and has a large family of children who swarm in his one-story, two-roomed cottage at N——. It would be a mercy to these children to give him something to do to increase his means of supporting them——"

"Poor Mrs. Livingston!" I exclaimed—"to end all your dreams of a most desirable marriage in a one-story, two-roomed cottage, on a Western prairie!"

I really felt a pang of sorrow for the woman, humbug as I knew she was. But I thought of her reputed wealth, and hoped that she had placed herself in a sphere where she might find true happiness in making it minister to the comfort of the neglected family of her husband.

But a few days later I learned that, by her late husband's will, the wealth she inherited from him passed from her hands forever in case she contracted marriage. Alas for her dreams of distinction! Alas for Dr. Honeywell's vision of wealth and ease! As delusive as their pretensions, they had fled forever, and the humbugs, themselves humbugged, would be doomed henceforth to the sober realities of life! Their's was a severe lesson; but who shall say it was undeserved?

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DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

"A woman's greatest weakness is her tendency to go shopping. She cannot help it, we suppose, but the moment she gets into long dresses, and back combs, that moment the shopping fever seizes upon her, and she is a lost woman!"—*Exchange.*

Well, perhaps you are right, sir! We scorn to deny anything that can be proved fairly and squarely. We make a practice of never being ashamed of anything that comes natural to woman, and that's more than half the Toms and Jacks of our acquaintance can say, we guess!

Men like to go shopping too, let them depreciate the business as much as they will Not with their wives—no, *sir!* You don't catch 'em in any such trap as that—not if they know it! They would rather take a blue pill, or a dose of calomel, any time. But on their own hook—after their own fashion, and jingling their own shillings and sixpences in the depths of their own trowsers' pockets—that's quite another matter. There is nothing on earth that they enjoy more than to sneak into a store where there is a pretty girl behind the counter, to buy something that their better-halves have pronounced "ridiculous and extravagant" long ago—carving-knife collars, for example, or a flaming dressing-gown, like unto the robe of a Turk. If a man isn't happy at that surreptitious moment, when *is* he happy? "Is the pretty girl behind the counter quite certain that those collars are the latest style, and does she really think they would be becoming to him?" (trying to look as killing as he can.) And he puts both hands into his pockets, reflectively, as the pretty girl (*she* knows how to manage the animals) tries on the collar, over the plumpest of white necks, and turns her dimpled chin from side to side, to let him see "what a pretty pattern it is." He thinks he'd better try it on himself—and then he discovers that he can't button the vexatious concern—nothing will do but the lady of the counter must come to his assistance. That's fun—that's the kind of shopping he likes! And then he buys the collars, at about three times their marketable value, and goeth forth, rejoicing, to get well "talked to" by his wife when they come home, neatly stowed away in a little round box. "Really, he quite forgot to mention his trifling purchase!" A likely story; does the pusillanimous wretch suppose his wife believes a word of it? But what does he care? He has had the satisfaction of being very charmingly cheated.

Feminine shopping, however, is quite a different affair—a milk-and-watery kind of amusement. He cannot imagine how his wife can like to go, and dawdle all day long, over a pack of finny-finery silks and muslins. Why don't she make up her mind at once, as *he* does. He never measured a woman's brain, but judging from appearances, he should think it about an eighth of an inch deep. He supposes, however, it's nothing they're to blame for, all things considered. A man's intellectual apparatus is rather more comprehensive!

And every time the corners of those excruciating collars stick into his jugular, he overhauls his wardrobe, to see if there is the shadow of an excuse to go and buy something else. He had such a jolly good time on the last occasion!

It is really astonishing, how unlike the same things will appear when viewed from different points. MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

If one only pauses, now and then, in life's "forced march," to count the numbers who have wearied by the way, of those who brushed with him the morning dews, he feels a sort of terror lest he finish his journey a stranger and alone.

How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys forever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

The cheeks of a lady in the autumn of life and the leaves of the trees in the autumn of the year often grow redder and redder, but nature is not always in both cases the artist.

It is with the warning voices of our souls as with the tones of nature around us: often inaudible in the glare of the day, they are heard distinctly in the darkness.

In the assurance of strength there is strength. The strongest are weak when they have no confidence in their own powers.

Be, if you can, a man of hard and severe thought, but avoid making yourself the subject of the hard and severe thoughts of your neighbors.

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health, but it is a capital one for drinking your own.

That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly inactive.

Contend not in argument with the foolish, the proud, the positive, the testy; or with a superior or a clown.

Both in politics and in religion we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed than for those that deny the whole of it.

If your stock of love, affection, and sympathy is so small that you cannot afford to share it with another live by all means a bachelor.

A costly monument commemorates the worth of the dead less frequently than it does the *worth* of the living.

An idea is often more fatal than the muskets of a whole army. A bullet kills a tyrant, an idea kills tyranny

Some minds are like sieves, they retain all that is worthless, while all that is good passes through them.

False friends, like our shadows, keep close to us in the sunshine, and vanish in the shade.

Ripe fruits fall with their own weight. Unripe politicians fall from their want of weight.

A good many men are in the best health when they are out of spirits.

If a young man addicts himself to smoking, his whole life runs to weeds.

Few enjoy riches, but almost every one enjoys the effort to obtain them.

Make your son wise and noble and grand—and he will be your grand son.

A preacher should not wink at the vices of his congregation nor at the young women.

Modesty is the red rose that is worn over a white heart.

The world is God's volume, in which every creature is a letter, and every day a new page.

We never know what some persons don't mean until they have spoken.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in chains.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

Nearly all our silver, judging from the difficulty of holding it in one's grasp, must be *quick silver*

A distinguished lady at a fashionable soiree is generally a *big bug bare.*

It is a difficult thing for those who can't charm others to be charmed by them.

An old man with an aquiline nose wears spectacles on his own hook.

Late suppers are the food of nightmares.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A man named Roberts went into an oyster saloon a few nights ago, in Fulton market, and began to make a disturbance; a waiter named Wilson attempted to quiet him, but Roberts grew more and more violent, whereupon Wilson put him out of the saloon. On reaching the side-walk Roberts drew a large clasp-knife and stabbed Wilson in the stomach, inflicting a terrible wound. Roberts was at once arrested and locked up, and Wilson was taken to his residence after his wound had been dressed.

A tyrannical father, living in the eastern portion of this city, whose ignorance and brutality seem to be about equal, became enraged at his little son, some three years of age, because the child did not stop crying when he told him to do so, and began to whip him to make him stop. This of course only increased the boy's weeping, and the father kept on flagellating him till the poor little creature fell down in convulsions.

A handsome young girl, who works as a paper-folder in a book-bindery in Fulton street, was accosted one rainy evening lately, as she was going home, by a well-dressed man, who offered her the protection of his umbrella, which she unthinkingly accepted. He then attempted to persuade her to run away with him, promising to make a lady of her; whereupon she appealed to a policeman for protection, and the rascally tempter fled.

A man was run over in Chatham street, the other day, by a Third Avenue car, and one of his legs was nearly severed from his body. The unfortunate man was taken up in a state of insensibility and carried to the New York Hospital, where, after considerable attention by the skillful physicians attached to that institution, it was hoped that he might recover.

A young man named Stubbs, in his eagerness to turn a dishonest penny, got into limbo the other night, by attempting to pass counterfeit money on various persons. He had had a very successful run of business for several days, and had put off large quantities of spurious bank notes, but fate and a policeman at last cut short his career

A feud having arisen between crews of contiguous schooners lying at a wharf in South street, the men attempted to settle the difficulty one evening recently by an up and down, rough and tumble fight, in which clubs and sticks of wood were freely used. After several of the belligerents had been badly hurt, a squad of police came up and terminated the affray.

Thirteen boys were capsized in a boat in the East River, one day not long since. They purposely got into the swell made by the passing of a Sound steamer, "for the fun of the thing," but it proved too much for their skill in boating. Fortunately they were all rescued by a couple of men who happened to be near in another boat.

A pickpocket robbed a man who was looking at the barracks in the Park, a few days since, of a valuable watch, and passed it to a confederate near; but the owner of the watch, being a man of prompt executive ability, caught them both, recovered his time-piece, and had the rogues marched off to prison.

A young man was dangerously wounded a few days since in the Park, by the accidental discharge of a loaded revolver that he was carrying in his coat pocket. The ball entered his thigh, and shattered the bone. Persons not accustomed to the use of firearms must be cautious how they carry loaded weapons in their pockets.

A policeman attempted to arrest a noisy and intoxicated man in Beekman street one night recently, when the latter suddenly turned upon him, bore him to the ground, and swore he would bite off his nose; but with a few well-directed blows of his club the policeman postponed the performance.

A man was knocked down and robbed of his watch and purse, in Cedar street, near Pearl, one evening recently, at the early hour of seven o'clock; but the robber was arrested before he had got five rods from his victim. Highwaymen should not be *too bold*, even in this city.

A company of rowdies attacked a couple of Germans, a few nights since, in Fifth avenue, near Fifty-sixth street, and attempted to mal-treat them, but were themselves soundly thrashed, and one received injuries supposed to be fatal.

A couple of little boys, living in Brooklyn, were attempting to "play soldiers," and one thrusting at the other with a tin bayonet on the end of a toy gun, ran the weapon into his left eye, and injured it so badly it was feared the sight would be irrevocably lost.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

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MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

In this number of the LEDGER we commence the publication of a story by SYLVANUS COBB, JR., under the above title. The scene opens just after Washington, retreating before Cornwallis, had crossed the Delaware, into Pennsylvania. This was one of the most hopeless periods of the Revolution.

> "Dark and gloomy was the hour,
> And Freedom's fires burnt low;
> For thirty days had Washington
> Retreated from the foe."

But like a lion at bay the great chief at last turned upon his pursuers, and at Princeton and Trenton dealt them a blow which sent a thrill of joy and exultation throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is at this stirring period, when Tories lurked and plotted mischief in every neighborhood, that MAGGIE BURNS, *The Heroine of the Delaware*, comes upon the scene. Mr. Cobb here finds a fitting field for the display of his peculiar powers, and most admirably does he improve his opportunities. The narrative stirs the blood of the reader like the sound of a trumpet, and the heroine takes possession of his heart at once, and keeps it to the end.

IMPOSTURE.

A veritable history of all the impostures which have been swallowed blindfold by the human race from the period when our common mother was humbugged by the Father of Lies, to the present day, would be the most interesting as well as the most voluminous work ever published. Some persons may suppose that such a work would be eminently useful as a means of repressing human gullibility. In our opinion it would be of no use at all. People would read it with infinite gusto, laugh at the credulity of the world that was, plume themselves on the superior sagacity of the world that is, and then walk complacently into some modern gull-trap, to be as egregiously befooled as their progenitors were, a hundred or a thousand years ago. In the expressive words of Dr. Watts, "It is their nature to." The seven-league boots of Progress travel fast, but Humbug in one shape or another contrives to live the pace, and men and women are duped in the broad intellectual daylight of the Nineteenth Century, with as much facility as they were in the "dark ages."

Less than half a century ago several thousands of people in England, and a few hundreds in this country, implicitly believed that an impudent and ignorant old woman named Johanna Southcote was about to become the mother of a new Messiah. Her disciples purchased a splendid silver cradle for the expected infant, and hundreds of pounds of rich plum cake were sent to her residence in London for the use of the coming "Shiloh." Her stupid blasphemies were listened to with profound veneration by men of intelligence and learning, and ladies of high social standing ministered to her wants with the humility of servants.

The delusion lasted twelve years, and even after the miserable creature's death some of her deluded followers believed that she would rise from the dead with the "Shiloh" in her arms! The Johanna Southcote imposture had not been many years a dead letter, when New York was favored with the presence of a prophet, in the person of one Matthias, a dirty, sensual, disgusting knave, who, after roundly fleecing some of his wealthy proselytes, and creating no little scandel in circles to which it is wonderful he should ever have been admitted, left the city between two days, to escape a tar-and-feathering. Many of our citizens, no doubt, recollect the greasy wretch, whose appearance was about as fascinating as that of a Chinese idol. His *hegira*, if we recollect aright, took place in 1835, and, less fortunate than Mahomet, he never re-appeared.

Next in the order of imposters came Joe Smith, with his supernatural bogus "gold plates" and natural brass, and his "Urim and Thummem" (common goggles), through which he pretended to read the "unknown characters" on his pinchbeck "tables." In him, and in his more sagacious but utterly unprincipled successor, Brigham Young, modern imposture reached its culminating point, and certainly the credulity of their disciples will compare with any sample of that commodity with which history has supplied us. Young has succeeded in founding a commonwealth of License which so far has defied the Law, and considering his opportunities and the age in which he flourishes, his career has been scarcely less remarkable than that of the Camel-driver of Mecca.

Seeing that Mormonism is now a fixed fact in politics and theology, we cannot consistently claim that moderns are less easily led by the nose than the Egyptians were by their priests and soothsayers three thousand years ago. The phases of humbug change, but the human appetite for that luxury in some form seems to be imperishable. We may sneer at the Tom-Noddies of the fourteenth century who believed the stories of Sir John Mandeville about the one-legged men of Ethiopia, and the women of Macemeran with heads like hounds, but will not a future generation have an equal right to sneer at the believers in Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Mormonism, Socialism, and a good many other solecisms of the present day? Nothing short of the millennium can absolutely put a stop to the triumphs of humbug.

QUIET ROBBERY.

To pick a man's pocket is theft, and the law, when it gets the perpetrator in its grip, sends him to prison. Nothing can be more proper. "Serves him right," says society; "we *do* live in a land of law and order, after all."

Meanwhile society is robbed every day by thousands of individuals in the most atrocious manner, and has no redress.

Society gets short weight, short measure, short count. Half the articles it eats, and all the fluids it drinks, with the exception of water, are deteriorated. In fact, there is a certain class of "enterprising business men" that enrich themselves with robbing, cheating and half poisoning society. It may be replied that every man should look out for himself and his family; but every man has not the time. Moreover, there are thousands who do not know a genuine article from an adulterated one. Nine-tenths of us buy everything we want for household purposes on assurance. It would not *pay* to measure pieces of goods and weigh groceries, and butchers' meat, and have "pure wines" submitted to chemical tests. Society, in New York, has other fish to fry. And so we purchase under trust, and are plundered and humbugged. The system of larceny referred to is all but universal in its operation. A lady cannot buy a spool of thread without being cheated. The number of yards labelled on the spool is generally *double* the actual number. It is the same with pieces of fringe, in short, with almost everything sold by measure or by weight. Weigh your pounds of candles, and see if they fall not short of the sixteen ounces.

Perhaps there is no remedy for this state of things. It seems, in fact, to be one of the long-tolerated nuisances, with which it is hopeless to interfere. Certainly, the *morale* of society itself must be much more elevated than at present before it can be successfully assailed. But *this* can be done. There are tradesmen and merchants, in every department of business, above all such practices. Men who tell the truth, aye, the whole truth, if questioned, to their customers. Search them out, and buy of such only.

PLANT AND SOW.

All labor is honorable. Every sweat-drop that glistens upon the brow of toil is an emblem of dignity, and earnestness, and power. But of all labor, that which is directed to the skillful cultivation of the earth, is perhaps the most ennobling. The command to plant and sow, accompanied with a promise to send the increase, comes from the Supreme Being himself, and agriculture, in the remote past, was regarded as a sacred institution. Even nations that turned aside from the light of Truth into the darkness of Idolatry, did not forget this portion of their old creed, but still considered the culture of the ground a religious, no less than a social duty. The ancient Hebrews looked upon tillage of all descriptions with a reverence worthy of the Divine Authority they professed to obey. The sons of the tribes guided the plow; the daughters of the partriarchs gleaned after the reapers; warriors swung the flail on the threshing floor; kings drove ox-teams; prophets and seers came from the furrows to assume their sacred mantles, and received the words of inspiration with the beads of labor yet standing on their majestic foreheads. What Heaven had enjoined the Hebrew Code enforced. The people were taught to love the land in their possession—to cling to it as to life. He who alienated his portion of the soil committed a crime.

We, too, are an agricultural nation. Our commerce and manufactures will for centuries to come be subsidiary interests as compared with our agriculture. Our immense territory is one magnificent farm. The fields of Palestime, of which the Hebrew poets sung so felicitously, were mere *barrens* in comparison with the teeming soil of the West, which scarcely requires scratching to render it productive. Let us plant and sow. It is our grand mission. Let the landless seek to acquire land, and landholders to retain it. A time is approaching when the importance of this advice will be appreciated.

IRISH BEAUTY.

Ireland was anciently called the "island of Saints and pretty women." The collocation is somewhat strange according to our modern notions, inasmuch as a superabundance of pretty women is not considered favorable to the growth of Saintly communities. But let that pass. In the olden time Sanctity was doubtless impervious to the glances of Beauty, although it would appear from the metrical story of St. Kevin, that the Irish girls of his day would not have been averse to a flirtation with the saints had the latter given them encouragement. According to the legend in question, St. Kevin was fishing one day in a lake, when a certain young Irishwoman gave him the following broad hint:

> "You're a rare hand at fishing," says Kate,
> "It's yourself, dear, that knows how to hook 'em,
> But, when you have caught 'em, agrah!
> Don't you want a young woman to cook 'em?"

Modern opinion seems to coincide with that of the old fogies of antiquity on the subject of Hibernian beauty, for a French writer has recently passed a most enthusiastic eulogium upon it. After complimenting the Irish girls he saw in Dublin on the freshness of their color, the rare purity of their complexion, the rich abundance of their brown hair, he goes on to say, with the characteristic modesty of his country, that they resemble French girls more than the feminines of any other nation on the face of the earth. "Irishwomen," he says, "especially resemble the French in the good taste of their toilette, the ease and flexibility of their movements, and the gracious, frank cordiality of their manner." Then they know how to *walk*, which in his opinion, Englishwomen do not.

As we think all ladies have a right to know what is said in their praise, and as the Frenchman's article has never to our knowledge been translated, we give the pretty Irishwomen on this side of the Atlantic the benefit of the pith of it.

THE SOFT SIDE OF WAR.

Some people seem to think that patriotism and courage can only be vindicated through ferocity and devastation. This is a great mistake. The bravest men have always been the most tender-hearted; the truest patriots have always been the most generous of men. Marshal Ney is reputed to have carried an infant that he found in the snow (where its heartless mother had cast it to perish) on the retreat from Moscow, nearly all day in his arms, and until he could place it in comfort and safety. Old Hickory was equally brave and equally tender-hearted. Before his enemies in arms he was a fiery mass of living valor and a very Angel of Destruction; but to the vanquished, and to women and children, he was an Angel of Deliverance and the most magnanimous of protectors. A brave and just people always behave with magnanimity, and leave barbarians to ill-treat the defenceless and women and children.

◆

IF women knew their real power, and wished to exert it, they would always endeavor to show sweetness of temper, for there they are irresistible.

BURNING OF NORFOLK IN 1776.

The subjoined account of the burning of Norfolk, Va., was some years ago received from the lips of a venerable old lady, since deceased.

"I was only in my sixth year," said the venerable narrator, "when the cannonading and burning of Norfolk took place, by order of the Royal Governor, Lord Dunmore; but young as I was, the impression of many things is as clear and vivid to me now as if they had happened yesterday. I was at the time residing with my uncle and aunt, who had a very handsome residence on one of the principal streets running back from the river.

"One day, toward the last of the year 1775, I remember my uncle coming home under great excitement, declaring the patriots had won the first battle at Great Bridge—that the old scoundrel, Lord Dunmore, had, with many of his followers and partisans, fled for their lives to a vessel in the stream—and thanking God that the patriot army, under Colonel Woodford, would soon have possession of the town.

"After this came a series of the most alarming rumors, which so affected my nervous and timid aunt, that she was suddenly struck down with paralysis, and was thus rendered incapable of assisting herself in the least.

"At this time my uncle's household consisted of eleven persons—himself, wife and two young children, my grandmother, myself, and five negroes, two of whom were males. Fearing the male negroes could not be trusted at such a time, they were sent away to a place of security, and a strict watch was kept over the females, who could not be spared. I remember my grandmother carrying a silver-mounted dirk in her bosom, and I was told to report the least suspicious conduct on the part of the blacks.

"But the worst was yet to come. After several days of wild excitement, with the almost constant roll of the drum, the marching and countermarching of troops through the streets, the occasional thunder of cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry, news came that the governor was about to cannonade and burn the place. This intelligence was communicated to the authorities in the morning of the first of January, 1776, and six hours were allowed for the women, children and non-combatants to leave the town.

"My uncle came home in a state of great excitement, and consulted with my grandmother as to what was best to be done. The doctor had been consulted previously, and had given his opinion that my aunt could not be removed without a cost of life. And besides, where could she be taken, except into the open fields? for beyond the town there were but a few scattered houses, and these would be overcrowded as hospitals for the sick and parties escaping from the doomed village. So it was finally decided that we should remain and take the chances; and as our dwelling was pretty well back from the river, it was hoped we might escape the shots from the fleet, and perhaps the general conflagration along the wharves.

"For greater security, my horror-stricken and helpless aunt was placed in a room the farthest from the street and river; and into the same apartment we all crowded, black and white, looking the dismay and terror we all felt at our hearts. I remember sitting down on a cricket at the feet of my grandmother, and, along with my elder cousin, burying my head in her lap, while she held the younger child in her arms, and spoke words of encouragement and hope to my poor aunt and the frightened blacks—my uncle, meantime, with a sword at his side, pacing rapidly up and down the adjoining apartment, and now and then stopping to listen to any peculiar sounds without.

"As the time drew near for the opening of the awful work of destruction, we all became more and more agitated; and when at length the first heavy gun of the fleet broke the horrible suspense, we all simultaneously started up with a sort of mournful cry or wail, to which it seemed as if the whole town responded with a shriek of fear and execration. Then gun after gun thundered away in rapid succession, drums rolled, musketry rattled, and shout upon shout reached us, with the stirring words,

"'To arms! to arms! turn out! turn out! the foe is upon us!'

"'Good-bye, my poor dear angel!' cried my uncle, hurrying to the side of my aunt, and pressing his lips to lips that scarcely had the power to tremble, though the face showed deathly pallor and the eyes rained tears. 'May God in his mercy preserve us!'

"He turned, caught up each of his children, and kissed them, with a trembling 'God save you,' treated me in the same fatherly manner, threw his arms around the neck of his weeping mother, grasped a hand of each of the trembling blacks, and then rushed from the dwelling to the defence of his country, his home, and all he held dear on earth.

"I am not able to follow up the events in consecutive detail. I can only recall such as made the deepest impression, without regard to the lapse of time between each. Soon after the departure of my uncle, I do not remember how long, I heard a wild shout of 'Fire! fire! the town is on fire!' and there were sounds of galloping horses, whirling vehicles, and men running in bodies, commingling with the almost constant booming of the heavey guns of the fleet, which were leveled against the place. We could see nothing in the room where we were, and impulsively I started up and followed one of the blacks up stairs, against the warning of my grandmother. My fears had now become secondary to my desire to look upon the worst in all its horrors.

"From a window in the second story, I saw smoke and flames rising up from several points along the river bank, and could here and there catch a glimpse of excited crowds of men running to and fro, and once or twice, as the smoke was whirled aside by a strong breeze blowing toward me, I caught a momentary view of the tall spars and dark hull of a vessel, which was belching forth its tongues of fire and missiles of destruction.

"'De Lord of Heben hab massy on us!' exclaimed the black girl, who was standing at the window with me.

"It was her last prayer. The next moment a ball crashed through the building, carrying her head with it, and her lifeless body sunk down at my feet, pouring upon me a stream of blood. I shrieked and fainted.

"When I came to my senses, we were all down in the cellar, whither we had been removed for safety, and all were crying and wringing their hands. My aunt had been borne down upon her bed, upon one corner of which I had been also laid. I remember starting up and shrieking in terror, though for the time I had forgotten what had happened. Then there were a few minutes of wild confusion, when my uncle suddenly appeared, with a couple of other men, and, after commanding silence, said it was necessary that we should soon leave the house, for, besides the fact that the balls of the fleet could reach it, the fire was rapidly gaining ground, and before morning, perhaps within an hour, so powerful was the breeze blowing toward us, we should be wrapped in flames and surrounded by fighting men.

"He then went to his poor wife, and began to speak some consoling words; but suddenly stopped and uttered a long, loud, piercing wail, that seems yet to ring in my ears.

"'What is it, my son?' cried my grandmother, starting up in alarm.

"'She is dead! she is dead!' groaned my uncle.

"So it was, in truth—my aunt was already dead, and none could say when she died. It was no time to stand on ceremony, even with the most sacred things. A grave was dug in one corner of that very cellar, my poor aunt was buried forever from the living, and then we were all hurried to the street to make our escape.

"It was now night, and the town lit up with the ghastly glare of the burning buildings, some of which had by this time caught so near my uncle's dwelling as to render it certain that it would soon go with the rest. The streets were crowded with people in the wildest state of excitement—citizens and soldiers—men, women and children—some hurrying toward the river to give the enemy battle, and some flying toward the open country, loaded with a few of their most valuable articles, which they were seeking to save from the general doom. In the whirl and confusion I somehow got separated from my friends; and while endeavoring to find my way back to them, a body of men came running directly over the place where I stood. I remember of screaming in my fear of being suddenly trampled to death, and then of being caught up by strong arms and borne rapidly forward to the steps of some great building which was on fire. Here I was dropped by the men who had saved me; but here, of course, I could not remain, and in attempting to get away I was knocked down by a party of armed men who were rushing to attack another party. I was not badly hurt, and managed to crawl aside into the passage-way of some building just as the firing began near me. There were shouts and yells, a discharge of fire-arms, and then a short, hand-to-hand combat. One party was driven by the other; and on venturing to look out, I saw two British soldiers lying near, one dead, and the other covered with blood, groaning and writhing and looking terribly ghastly in the lurid light. I turned away with a sickening feeling of horror, and, perfectly bewildered, ran I knew not whither

"I next remember the falling of a building, some of the cinders and sparks of which reached me and set fire to my clothing, which a pale woman, with a bandaged head, assisted me to extinguish, saying:

"'God help you, poor child! who are you? and where do you belong?'

"Before I could reply, there was a loud explosion near, followed by a wild cry, and instantly the woman turned and ran away.

"After this I scarcely know what did happen to me, or where I went, or how I escaped the surrounding dangers. The whole lives confusedly in my memory, like the partial remembrance of some horrid dream. Pale, ghastly faces—bloody phantoms—burning and crashing buildings—the roar of cannon—the rattle of musketry—the clash of sabres—the heavy tramping of armed bodies—shouts, yells, shrieks and groans—all these are mixed up in my recollection in wild and inextricable confusion.

"By some means I was restored to my grandmother, but I never saw my uncle again. He was killed some time after in attempting to capture a British gun-boat. They told me that the town was three days burning, and was nearly all consumed, and that everybody suffered terribly from the want of provisions, some actually dying of starvation. I heard this after I got back to my parents in Richmond and recovered from a slow fever. But this of course is known to history. My own recollections are what I have given, and I pray God I may never witness the destruction of another town or city."

THE TIME TO SPEAK.

When timidity creeps into its hiding place, or measures its stealthy pace under the transparent mask of neutrality, then—God be thanked for the man of bold utterance! He refreshes us like the quick thunder storm, when the air grows too thick for our breath. Death, we know, sometimes follows the clap of the thunder, and the flash of the lightning; but is the bracing air that follows, of no account to gasping millions? The blast of the tempest whirls away the withered branches that have so long interlaced themselves with the arms of healthful vigor; decayed leaves, too, lay strewn around; but when all this rubbish is cleared away, and men walk erect in the sunshine, ah! how free they tread! As in the physical, so in the moral world. There are periods when the air, surcharged with foulness, must be cleared, or our souls strangle. Men grope their way with faint, purposeless footsteps in unhealthy valleys, nor once lift their eyes to the sublime purity of the mountain hights; or, if they do, how impossible of access do they seem to their enervated spirits. *Then*, should the moral thunder peal! and the quick lightning of purpose follow, though death lurk in the track. *There be things worse than death.* When men walk with closed mouths, and averted eyes, nor dare look into the mirror of their own souls, and face the marring of God's image there. When with fiendish clutch men strangle in the birth all that is Heaven-given; forgetting the taste of hopes nursed in with a mother's milk, and sacred as her name. When, with iron heel they crush out like so many insects, the soul's breath from thousands, and impiously say, Am I not doing God service? Is it a time when the smoke of the pit ascends to the very nostrils, for men to coin pretty phrases? When every flower of life lies fainting under the withering Simoom, shall we pray for gentle dews, instead of the quick-coming, purifying, electric shower? Is one to sit down content with a mess of pottage, in place of one's birth right? FANNY FERN.

OUR FRUITS.

Most of the delicious fruits we are accustomed to call *native* are merely *naturalized*. The cherry was first found in Asia-Minor, the peach in Persia, the apricot in Armenia, the plum in Egypt, the quince in Ceylon, the apple in Persia, and so on. Europe improved them wonderfully by cultivation, and we, who are famous for improving on all European improvements, have brought some of them, especially the apple and the peach, to a state of perfection as regards flavor, which they never attained in the old world.

But we have fruits born of our own soil, which yield to none other in Pomona's catalogue. The strawberry, the raspberry, the currant and the gooseberry were found in America by its discoverers. These, and particularly the former two, we have nursed and trained up to a point of lusciousness which satisfies human desire, and leaves nothing for the epicurean to imagine of gastronomic enjoyment. Already under the serrated leaves, and among the worm-like tendrils of the strawberry vines, the cones, soon to be surcharged with sweetness, begin to swell with the coming nectar. It is *brewing* in their cores, waiting but the fermenting sunshine to dulcify and mellow it. A little while, and the cry of "Strawberee!" "in linked sweetness long drawn out," will ring through our streets. It is a sound that finds a responsive echo in every healthy diaphragm, and one which seldom fails to bring out the dimes. Raspberries are barely in blossom, but in a week or two the fingers of the blossom-shoots will begin to put on their natural thimbles, and by the time the strawberry leaves begin to wither, these velvety delicacies will be ready for the cream.

FRENCH HORSE, &c.

They consume *horse* in Paris at the rate of five hundred per week. But before the quadrupeds die they are sold for whatever their hide, hair, bones, and *flesh* (it is whispered that *equine beef* is a very saleable commodity in some parts of Paris) are considered worth by the dead-horse contractors. These men may be recognized at a glance. They dress like gentlemen's grooms, and wear a horse's head and cross bones emblazoned on the tips of their caps. One of these fellows, with pencil and memorandum book, may often be seen travelling along the thoroughfares, scrutenizing every dilapidated *cheval* he encounters with a sharp and eager eye. He makes his offers for the lame, the blind, the spavined, "to be delivered when dead." When a bargain is concluded he puts his private mark in caustic on the inside of the foreleg, and goes on his way rejoicing. As all dead horses are taken to one public receptacle in the vicinity of the city, he is sure to find his animal when its mortal career is over. His first proceeding is to skin the carcass, and if he does not want the flesh he pops the *corpus* into the Catacombs, where the myriads of rats polish the bones beautifully for him in a single night.

By the way, the smart Yankee-Frenchman who started the labor-saving idea of polishing the bones of dead horses by rat-power, is also responsible for another remarkable improvement. He inferred, reasonably enough, that the rodents, so liberally provided for, would increase and multiply beyond all precedent. He was not disappointed. They waxed fat, and kicked, and swarmed. He therefore proposed that a grand rat battue should take place every three months, and it *does* take place, after the following fashion:

Holes are bored in the ground all round the inner walls of the Catacombs, each hole being an easy fit for a first class rat. Upon the morning of the hunt—in which the "unwashed" take a more lively delight than the Emperor does in his Compeigne Stag chases—the "battue men" rush in with tin pans, kettles, drums, &c., and and make such a terrific row that the rats in a frenzy of fright dive right into the shallow holes made for their undoing. Of course their tails stick out. The rat collector, bag in hand, now makes a tour of the premises, and seizing the vermin by their caudal appendages with the dexterity of an expert, transfers them to his sack. The skins are reserved for the glove-makers, and the bodies are *sold*. What becomes of the *flesh* it is not for us to say. French cookery, some people think, is pretty much what it was in Smollet's time. It was only the other day that a Paris tradesman, in complicity with a friend, had his wife's favorite cat served up for supper. This we know to be true, because the facts were given in full in the French papers, the "friend" having been sued by the lady for the value of the tabby, and cast in fifty francs damages.

Upon the whole, however, the French plan of buying disabled horses on the hoof is not a bad one. If it were practiced here we should not see dead horses "lying loose around," as is not unfrequently the case, even in summer, for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

COMMON PEOPLE HAPPIEST.

It is the *average* man who is most likely to have a happy and prosperous life. Great talents involve great duties, great cares, great vicissitudes, great perils. The man of fair average ability enjoys the *fruits* of genius without envying those who produce them. Books, pictures, inventions, wise laws, brilliant victories, he admires and appropriates; but not his is the long struggle after excellence, not his the agony of misappreciation, not his the keen contest with rivals, not his the noble anguish of seeing error believed, truth derided and despised. He takes the world as he finds it, enjoying what is good in it, and putting up with its unavoidable evil, like Gœthe's cow, that cropped the congenial grass, and when it came to a thistle, did not resent its presence in the field, nor complain of it, nor try to tear it up by the roots, but simply passed it by.

We find, accordingly, that mediocrity is the common lot. Genius is the rarest of all the productions of nature; the Germans even averring that Homer, Shakspeare and Gœthe were the only three men of genius that ever lived. And even a well marked talent, or any considerable superiority of understanding, is extremely rare. Mediocrity being the lot of nearly all the people in the world, how fortunate that mediocrity is also the best chance for happiness.

THE "2 TIMES 2" QUESTION AGAIN.

DEAR LEDGER:—Is the "2 times 2 question" likely to be forgotten without the truth in the case being established? I am glad that the question has been presented to the public as far as the circulation of your paper extends. And now we must throw prepossessions to the dogs, and try to find what the truth is about it. It was stated in the LEDGER of the 5th of January, to prove that 2 times 2 required a plural verb, that *times* is the nominative, and that if *times* is the nominative, *it* is the subject. In the LEDGER of the 30th of March, your correspondent, S. W. W., states that *times* is not the subject of the verb, for it is not *times* that makes four. He further states that *two* is the subject—the last *two* in the *sentence*—the last *two* in the *phrase*, I suppose he meant, for "2 times 2" does not make a sentence. Now *two* does not make four, any more than *times* does; it makes half of four, and no more. Permit me, therefore, to say that "2 times 2" is the subject of the verb. To explain this as well as I know how to the comprehension of our young grammarians, I will say that *times* is the band that binds the two twos together into one bundle, or in other words, *times* is the middle link that connects two pieces of chain into one chain. Therefore, "2 times 2" is a *substantive phrase*, *singular*, and requires a singular verb to agree with it. Therefore, 2 times 2 *is* four is correct, while 2 times 2 *are* four is incorrect. If you do not believe it, listen a moment while I exercise one of my pupils.

Tutor.—Well, George, how much do two twos make?

Pupil.—They make four.

Tutor.—How much does 2 times 2 make?

Pupil.—They ma—they—they—2 times 2? There is such a oneness or unity about the 2 times 2, that "*they*" don't hitch on good. O, now I see, I see, *it* makes four.

Tutor.—That's a smart boy; now go right up to the head. You may answer three or four more questions for the benefit of your class. How much do two ones make?

Pupil.—They make 2.

Tutor.—How much does 2 times 1 make?

Pupil.—It makes two.

Tutor.—How much do four fours make?

Pupil.—They make sixteen.

Tutor.—How much does four times four make?

Pupil.—It makes sixteen. C. B.

A GIRL IN A QUANDARY.

ALBANY, April 27th, 1861.

DEAR LEDGER:—I feel constrained to ask you what I'm to do with myself? I'm out of all manner of patience with an individual who renders himself so fearfully agreeable that it would be death for me to lose him; and yet I hold him by so slight a thread the softest gale might easily sever it. He knows me perfectly well, has visited me for an indefinite length of time, is aware of all my faults and good qualities. Do you not think it would be an advisable plan for the young gentleman to allow me to help him climb the ladder of life, or else leave the coast clear to some other aspirant, who would more readily tell me *why* he monopolizes so much of my society? I'm about tired of playing the agreeable to the above-mentioned gentleman, and 'tis only my affection for his lordship which induces me to permit the continuance of his visits in this nondescript manner. What, in the name of common sense, would *you* do, were *you* in the place of

HORTENSE.

If we were "in your place" we would show the young man this letter, and ask him his opinion of it; and that he may have a fair copy to read, we print it in the LEDGER.

SONG:—THE MONTH OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

"May morning! May morning!"
The bird sings aloud,
And she swings on the bough
And looks up at the cloud
That is spreading his wings,
Knowing well that the day
Is too brilliant and pure
And divine for the stay
Of aught darkling like him,
When all Heaven and Earth
Are rejoicing in light,
Like young gods at their birth.

II.

"May morning! May morning!"
Like arrows of fire,
The streams flash away
In their mighty desire
For freedom to seek
The blue breast of the sea,
Where their voices may join
In her great minstrelsy,
In her Anthems first sung,
When she rose from Night's bars
And attuned her own pulse
To the march of the stars.

III.

"May morning! May morning!"
The maid seeks the bowers
With an innocent longing
For sunbeams and flowers:
O well may they cluster,
Like blessings, her brow,
And well may the accia
Over her brow,
Like a mem'ry of Eden,
A prophecy sweet
That the Earth and the Heaven
In bridal yet meet!

IV.

"May morning! May morning!"
The bard sings aloud,
With his brow to the Bard
Of Eternity bowed,
To the Father of all,
Who the Beautiful brings,
For the finely-strung spirit
On May's rosy wings.
"May morning! May morning!"
Sing Heaven and Earth,
As ye rival in light,
Like young gods at their birth!

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER V.

I conjure you by that which you profess,
Howe'er you came to know—answer me;
Though you untie the winds——————
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations——————
——————Answer me
To what I ask you. SHAKSPEARE.

Alone in her kitchen sat Moll Pitcher. Many had visited her during the evening, but the last guest had gone, and the weird woman seemed lost in thought, when she heard a quick, imperative rap at the door. She opened it—there stood Ralph Heathcote. The sibyl bowed, and said, hastily:

"Mr. Heathcote is welcome."

"Thank you; I have been here several times since—since the night of my arrival—but you were always absent or engaged. I have been lying in the shadows for three hours past, but you were so thronged I could not think of gaining an audience."

"Your business is private," exclaimed Moll, with one of her searching glances.

"Yes; before leaving England I lost a casket of jewels, worth thousands of pounds, and endeared to me by family associations——"

"Silence," interposed Moll; "you cannot deceive me; your jewels are safe enough, but you would give them all if you could be sure of winning your cousin Grace! This has brought you to America, to my door."

Heathcote looked confused, but finally replied;

"I—I acknowledge it; I only did that to test you, to see if your power were as great as your fame."

The weird woman smiled—a strange smile, and he went on:

"I had heard much of Grace; but last year, while in Naples, I saw her portrait; it had been painted during her sojourn there, when she was making the tour of the Continent. From that moment a wild love took possession of me, and I resolved to win her at any cost. I followed her across the ocean; I have followed her to Lynn, and I think her uncle will favor my suit. But would she? Madam, you must know!"

The sibyl peered into her quaint cup, and began to talk in the manner peculiar to her, when reading the destiny of those who sought her counsel.

"There are lights and shadows—lights and shadows."

"But I hope the light predominates!" cried Heathcote, eagerly.

"I cannot tell yet; somehow your fate seems strangely blended with poor Mabel's!"

Heathcote shuddered, but soon regained his composure, and rejoined:

"Of course, it would be; she was my cousin! As such I mourn her; but go on—go on—tell me of Grace, Grace, my heart's queen!"

"Not till the coffin and the pall—not till the scene in the Pirate's Glen have faded from my sight;" and she stood for a while gazing with dumb horror into the cup.

"Speak! speak!" exclaimed Heathcote; "put an end to this suspense, I implore you!"

The sibyl heard him, but she did not comply with his request; she waited her own time, and then she said:

"There—there, the murdered Mabel and her child no longer haunt me—the grave, the cold but quiet grave, has closed over the dead! My cup grows bright with Grace Ward's beauty. I see a burning house, and her, with dishevelled hair, and wild eyes! A young man scales the wall, leaps through the window, and rescues her!"

She paused, and seemed absorbed with the pictures which came and went in that mystic vessel.

"And what now?" queried Heathcote.

"There is a ship tossing on tempestuous waters—the beautiful Southern heiress is on board, and the same man who saved her life a few months before, is often at her side. In her keenest anxiety he can soothe her, and when they reach the destined port in safety, her gratitude knows no bounds. Other troubles thicken upon her, and she instinctively turns to him. Ralph Heathcote, this man is your rival!"

"My rival!" echoed Heathcote, as if the thought were a new one.

"Don't dissemble," cried Moll; "in my presence it is useless. You have met the gallant master of the Petrel—you have already learned to fear him—the chance meeting with him at Swampscot the other day, when Miss Grace made the acquaintance of lame Alice, was anything but pleasant to you."

A volley of oaths broke from Heathcote, and he added, in an undertone:

"Woman, I believe you read my very thoughts."

"The world gave me credit for such knowledge long ago," rejoined Moll.

"Yes, and I have heard much of your power, but, like the Queen of Sheba, I can say the half was not told me."

"You confess, then, that you dread Dick Crofton," resumed the sibyl.

"I will not presume to deny it." And the young man began to pace the room in a fever of unrest. At length he stopped before the table at which the fortune-teller sat, and asked, with wild eagerness:

"Has he dared speak of love to her yet?"

"No, oh, no—there have been attentions, that's all. Dick Crofton is very guarded. Grace does not dream of the deep, strong, abiding love he feels for her."

"The gods grant that she never may! Madam, I've sacrificed a great deal to win her—I will sacrifice much more—I will pour out gold as freely as water, but mine she must be!"

The weird woman did not reply, but furtively watched her guest.

"Moll Pitcher," continued Heathcote, "I must have your aid! You have black letter volumes—do they contain no directions about charms and philters?"

"It would be strange if they did not."

"Grace will come, like other girls, to have you tell her fortune; then—then make Crofton out a mercenary villain, a fortune-hunter, and me a model of manly excellence!"

"And what if I tell a falsehood?"

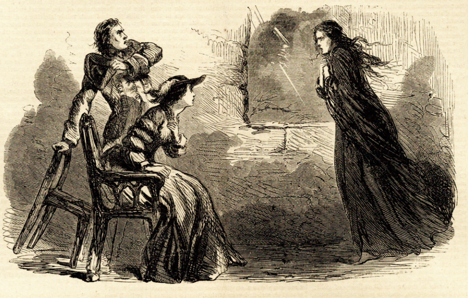
"Gold will lull your conscience. With all your knowledge, you are poor, and have children depending upon you. I have vast resources at my command; you and yours shall rustle in silks and glitter with jewels, if you will assist me in gaining possession of the prize I covet."

Moll did not answer, and he asked impatiently—

"May I rely upon you?"

"I will do what I can," rejoined the sibyl.

Heathcote laid a purse heavy with gold on the table, thanked her warmly, and withdrew. Moll watched him till he was lost to sight among the shadows, chuckling the while.



THE APPARITION IN THE DESERTED HOUSE.

"Aha!" she muttered, "he trusts me because I told him I would do what I could, but I did not tell him that it would be in his favor! I have my reasons for thwarting him—reasons that lie deep in my own heart. I never cared much for Dick Crofton; he has laughed at my vaunted power, but I may turn out his friend to spite Ralph Heathcote! Heavens, how his name thrills along my nerves; how memories long since buried, rise and troop through my brain, when I look into his deceitful blue eye—the Heathcote eye—when I hear his low, soft, sibilant voice! A philter for Grace, indeed! I like her—nobody could help liking her! She's alone in the world, and encompassed by wolves in sheep's clothing. I will keep on the watch, and if harm comes to her, it will not be Moll Pitcher's fault."

With these words she crept back into the house, and retired to rest. Ralph Heathcote was passing his cousin's mansion when a strange sight curdled his blood. Beneath Grace Ward's window he saw a figure clad in black from head to foot. To and fro, to and fro, to and fro she paced, with a slow and measured step, and pale hands folded on her breast. The young man paused, riveted to the spot with terror. One thought filled him with a thousand forebodings—poor Mabel's ghost had mayhap come to warn her cousin that love was a dream—that he who was trying to win her favor was false and cruel. At length she turned toward him—he perceived the gleam of her shining hair—the next moment she advanced to meet him. He would have fled, but he was petrified, transfixed. Nearer, nearer, nearer flitted the form, and now the strange creature raised her shadowy hand and whispered—

"Woe, woe, woe!"

The next instant she was gone, and rallying, Heathcote hurried on to the inn. He flung himself upon the bed in the solitude of his own room, but he could not sleep. In waking dreams he lived over the scene which had so terrified him, and he was glad when the day dawned.

At an early hour he was summoned to his cousin's mansion, and on entering the parlor, found Captain Ward in the highest excitement.

"What has happened?" he asked, anxiously, for he feared that Mabel's ghost might have visited her father.

"Why, the authorities have arrested two men as the murderers of Mabel and her child."

"Who are they?" and Heathcote's heart beat fast as he spoke.

"A man by the name of Gilbert, who was a discarded lover of hers, and swore he would have his revenge, and a Spaniard supposed to have been his accomplice."

The young villain began to breathe more freely, and asked where they had been found, and various other particulars concerning them.

"There's to be a brief examination at the inn to-day; you'll go with me, of course?"

"O, yes," and at the appointed hour Heathcote and Captain Ward moved into the bar-room where the court was to be held. Each prisoner proved an alibi, and both were discharged. Then the old man turned to his companion, and groaned aloud.

"O, Ralph," he cried, "I am afraid we shall never, never find the murderer."

"Take courage," rejoined Heathcote; "I trust we shall find some clue to the mystery which enshrouds him soon."

"Yes, *murder will out!*" said a voice which sent a thrill through every listener, and the sibyl of High Rock appeared on the threshold; "there is no cave so lonely, no mountain so high, no desert so desolate that a felon can hide there from the All-Seeing eye!"

She paused to mark the effect of her words, and then continued—

"But the criminal for whom we are hunting has not sought refuge in any of the dismal places I have just mentioned—he may be in our midst! Look to it, look to it, men of Lynn, that you harbor no serpent in your own homes."

The next moment she was gone, and Captain Ward and his fellow-citizens musing on what she had said.

"If all stories are true, Moll's opinion ought to have some weight," remarked one.

Heathcote trembled, but managed to control himself better than on former occasions. He wished to assert that her view of the case was quite improbable, but he dared not, lest he should thus incur her displeasure, and lose her valuable aid in his love affairs. He therefore remained silent, and watched the old gentleman, on whom Moll's words seemed to have made a deep impression.

"I agree with you, Mr. Lane," he said, at length; "I trust you and the rest of my neighbors will keep a good look-out!"

Captain Ward had been rather too aristocratic to be a favorite in Lynn, but "sorrow is a great leveller," and his grief had softened their hearts toward him. They now thronged about him, assuring him that they would do all in their power to ferret out the murderer. While they were talking, a face, with a gipsyish cast of features, and the true *zincali* fire in the large, dark, passionate eyes, was visible for an instant at the window. Nobody perceived it but Ralph Heathcote, and he started as if poor Mabel's unquiet ghost had again risen from the grave to haunt him. This face was not in the least like hers in its pure Saxon loveliness, but ah! he had reason to dread the living Zoe even more than the dead Mabel! Had that dark-browed girl come from the camp-fires of her people to work his ruin, or was this a mere illusion of fancy? He was trying to lull these new fears to rest, when Captain Ward declared he was ready to go home, and Heathcote left the inn with his kinsman. He had not gone far when he became conscious that somebody was following him. It was a strange step, soft, wary, like that of a leopard when prowling in search of prey. At last he ventured to look back—behind him he beheld a figure arrayed in the becoming male costume of the times.

"It can't be her," he said to himself; "I will dismiss my fears." And he walked on with a lighter heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
One hour longer from my soul—
For I still am thinking of
Earth's warm beating joy and dole.
MRS. BROWNING.

"See, cousin Ralph, there's a black cloud rising!" and Grace Ward lifted her hand toward the sky.

"So there is," replied Heathcote; "it looks really threatening now, and I should have perceived it before, had I not been absorbed in you."

"Do you think we can reach Lynn ere the tempest is upon us?"

"I'm afraid we cannot, we must have ridden several miles. But we will do our best—your horse is a fleet one, and my Selim can be trusted."

Both turned their horses' heads, and the next moment they were riding at a rapid pace along the rough road.

But the storm burst upon them in all its fury before Lynn was in sight. The rain poured down, and the thunder and lightning were terrific.

"Is there any place where we can obtain a shelter?" asked Heathcote.

"Only the haunted house yonder; but we must seek refuge there. On, on, my brave Bessie!"

These last words were addressed to the girl's fleet palfrey, and ere long the two drenched riders drew rein in front of a great, dismal old house, matted with English ivy, and given up to bats, owls, and ghosts. Heathcote lifted Grace from the saddle, and led her into a large, wainscoted apartment, hung with faded red damask, and bearing other evidences of past splendor. Grace sank into an antique chair, while her cousin went to look after the horses. He soon returned, however, and seating himself beside her, tried to allay her fears. Suddenly a shriek, almost wild and thrilling enough to wake the dead, rang through the desolate house, and a female figure moved toward the intruders. It was the same spectral creature Heathcote had seen pacing to and fro beneath the window of the chamber where the young heiress slept. He now perceived that though ghastly enough to be a denizen of the grave, she bore no resemblance to Mabel, though to his heated fancy it had seemed so at their first meeting.

"Grace, oh! Grace," moaned a sepulchral voice, "my eye is upon you! For your sake, I keep watch and ward! Be true to yourself, and all will yet be well!"

"Ralph!" cried the girl, "this is terrible—terrible!"

She glanced timidly around, but nobody was to be seen. Had she gone on the wings of the tempest? Shuddering, she tottered to Ralph, and resumed, in a hoarse, unnatural tone:

"I—I—cannot stay; let us go out into the storm!"

In silence, in dread, Heathcote led her from the ruin; they mounted their horses, and again gave them the rein. Night was coming on, and bewildered by the violence of the tempest, and the deepening shadows, they struck into what they thought the right road, but which proved to be a wood-path, leading into the forest. They did not, however, perceive their mistake till they found themselves in the dim, old woods. Then Grace grasped her cousin's arm and said, hoarsely:

"O, Ralph, we are lost! Every step we take carries us farther and farther from my uncle's door!" and now she wept in girlish fashion

"We have, indeed, been misled," replied Heathcote, and he glanced round in evident alarm.

"What shall we do—what shall we do?"

"We may well ask that question; let us stop and consider;" and they reined in their steeds, and sat silent and thoughtful.

At this juncture the howling of wolves at a distance struck dismally on their ears.

"We musn't remain here," she gasped, "these woods are haunted by wolves!"

"We will go on—'tis our only hope! But see, the path is too narrow for us to ride abreast—follow me, dear Grace, and be as brave as you can! I shall not soon forgive myself for bringing you into such peril."

The girl did not speak—dumb with terror, she rode onward, starting whenever a blinding flash of lightning lit up the sky for an instant, or the howls of the wolves rose above the roar of the blast.

At length a fearful gust of wind swept by, and a tree came crashing down directly in the path they were following. Heathcote's horse reared and plunged, and, with fiery eyeballs and dilated nostrils, flew away through the forest like a winged creature. The horse which Grace rode took fright also, and speed off like a second Mazeppa, over hill and dale, and across brawling creeks, his mane streaming in the wind, his glossy coat flaked with foam, his fair rider clinging to him as the wrecked seaman clings to the spar which is his only chance of safety. The strength which had nerved her was well-nigh exhausted, when the light of a lantern flashed through the gloom, and a voice, that made her pulse leap, cried:

"Courage, courage, Miss Ward! God helping me, I will save you!"

The next instant a strong arm grasped her bridle-rein with a violence that sent her palfrey back on his haunches, and she saw before her the sturdy frame, the handsome, spirited face of Richard Crofton. With soothing tones he quieted the horse, and then said:

"I will lead the animal if you can keep your seat; we are not far from my home, and there you can find a shelter."

"I feel stronger now," faltered the girl, but her face was still pale, and her whole frame tremulous.

As they moved on, she briefly told him what had happened, not omitting the scene at the ruins. He listened gravely, and declared he thought it providential that he should have been belated, and thus have the chance of rescuing her.

"Heaven always sends you to me in time of trouble," murmured Grace, and a faint color stole into her marble cheek.

Vehement words—words which would have told her how dear was the life he had preserved, surged up to his lips, but he crushed them back, and answered her with simple courtesy. Not long afterward they saw a glow at a little distance, and pointing to it, Crofton exclaimed;

"That is the blessed home-light!"

"Thank God!" murmured Grace, and her dark, Creole eyes filled with tears.

In a few moments they reached the cottage, and lifting the girl from the horse that still trembled like an aspen, Richard Crofton bore her into the kitchen. All gazed at him in wonder; but now that the necessity for exertion was over, Grace had fainted.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Alice, who had recognized the beautiful girl.

"Miss Ward went out for a horseback ride with her cousin," replied the young man; "they were overtaken by the storm, and lost their way. The fall of a tree frightened their horses, and they started off in opposite directions. The lady was clinging to the saddle when I met her, but she couldn't have kept her seat long."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed the captain's invalid mother; "she's in a swoon!"

"What can we do?" moaned Alice; "I fear she's dead."

"Dead?" young Crofton gasped the word out as if the very thought were madness; "Dead! Oh! no, child—this can't be death!"

"There's a slight pulsation here," resumed Mrs. Crofton, clasping the girl's wrist with her own thin, pale fingers. "Bring my salts, Alice."

The salts were brought, and then some exhilarating cordial, which was forced through her white lips. At length a deep, shuddering sigh told that consciousness was returning; her eyes unclosed; her breath came in short and sudden gasps. She looked up at Crofton, and smiled.

"You are not afraid now," he said softly.

"Oh, no; your presence always brings peace."

"Alice is here too;" and as he spoke he drew Alice forward.

Grace kissed her repeatedly, which expressed in no measured terms her delight at meeting her again.

Then a matronly face peered over the lame girl's shoulder, and looking up at her, Grace said:

"You are Captain Crofton's mother."

"Yes—I didn't see you the other day, for I was suffering more than usual; Providence has, however, brought you under our roof once more, and I'm sure you are welcome, child. But your clothes are drenched, you must take them off."

"Come into my room," said Alice, and Grace followed her into the cosiest of bed-rooms.

A homespun carpet, the only one which Richard Crofton's home could boast, covered the floor; spotless cotton curtains draped the window, and the low bed was as neat as a blue and white coverlet and snowy pillows could make it—the antique bureau, the small work-stand, the rocking-chair, cushioned with calimanco, were simple in the extreme; but the branches of coral and fantastic sea-weed, artistically arranged, the exquisite ocean-shells, the pictures in water colors which hung against the wall, the bouquets of rich flowers, the wreaths of evergreen, intertwined with the bright partridge berry, curious moss baskets, and other evidences of a refined taste, lent a charm to the place. The high-bred niece of Captain Ward gazed around her in delight, and laughed merrily as she laid aside her wet riding-habit, and donned a dress Mrs. Crofton had discovered in an old chest, and which she had worn in her girlhood. Grace had just reached the kitchen, with the idea of displaying herself to Richard, when the door swung open, and a man entered. Advancing to the hearthstone, he took off his thick overcoat and hat, and revealed to the Southern girl a face, which when once seen, would not soon be forgotten. With his serene smile, his mild eyes, and the white hair which floated over his shoulders, he realized her ideal of those patriarchs, who in earlier ages, walked with God and kept trysts with angels.

"There has been a terrible shower," he said, addressing his son; "we ought to be thankful for a shelter on such a night as this, for they will have a tough time of it at sea."

"Father," exclaimed Richard, "we have a guest," and he glanced at the maiden, who had shrunk back in a corner, confused and silent.

"A guest!" echoed the old man. "Well, whoever he is, he will find a welcome. Nobody shall be turned from my door while I have a roof above my head—nobody shall go from me hungry while I have a crust. But where is our visitor, Richard?"

Young Crofton moved across the room, and taking the girl's hand, led her forward. She had been courted and flattered all her life, the star of the first circles, but she never felt so shy as that night in the home of Richard Crofton.

"This, father, is Miss Grace Ward."

The old fisherman looked down to her with searching but kindly eyes.

"I have heard much of you," he replied. "Alice will talk of nothing else! You find yourself in a poor man's home, but such hospitality as we can offer is yours."

Grace blushingly murmured her thanks, and then Richard explained the circumstances which had brought her there in the storm. After commenting upon them briefly, the father asked:

"Where are the invalids?"

His wife and Alice answered his question by making their appearance, and then they sat down to a frugal meal. Grace had a seat beside Alice, Richard was stationed opposite, and she could not look up without encountering his earnest gaze. To him it seemed like a dream to have her beneath his roof, and he was scarcely less agitated than the girl. When the meal was over, she took a seat close to the fire, but even then she shivered, and at last was obliged to own to a severe headache. Mrs. Crofton insisted on her going to bed, and after administering some household remedies, arranged her pillows to her satisfaction, and left her. She, too, retired early, and Alice having given up her couch to the stranger, crept to her mother's side. Richard and his father were thus left alone by the kitchen fire. The old fisherman had lighted his pipe, and was whiffing away, but his son was restless. He walked to the window, and gazed out into the night, stirred the embers with the great shovel, read a little, and finally drew forth a rude writing-desk of his own workmanship, and began to scribble. His father watched him awhile, as the glow came and went on his cheek, and his eyes grew tender and dreamy, or mournful as his mood changed. At length he stole to him, and leaning over the back of his chair, gazed at the slip of paper on which he had traced "Grace, Grace, Grace—Grace Ward—Grace Ward." Finally he wrote "Grace Crofton." The old fisherman laid his hand heavily on his shoulder, and said in a low, earnest tone:

"My boy, this night has been a revelation: the girl who lies yonder is dearer to you than father or mother, sister or brother!"

A bitter groan broke from young Crofton as he replied—

"I cannot deny it, sir."

His father took a few rapid turns about the room, and again stopping before him, continued—

"Does she know it—have you told her?"

"Told her—O, no! Don't you see the difference between us? She belongs to a proud race—I have no rank to boast of! She has ten thousand pounds a year, I've not a penny save what I earn by hard labor! You have had no gold to give me, but you have taught me to be an honest man—God bless you for it!"

Old Hugh Crofton was much moved, but he only said—

"And she—she must like you, for you are noble and generous, and though perhaps I ought not to speak of it now, as comely a lad as one could wish to see. Why, rich and aristocratic as she is, she seemed more flustered than you this evening, when you introduced her. How does she treat you when we elderly folk are not by?"

"In a way that would make me bold enough to declare my love, if I were her equal in position. Still, it may be but gratitude which prompts her to treat me kindly. When I first realized how I loved her, I resolved to avoid her—to keep my mouth as with bit and bridle when I was in her presence, but not three hours after I had forced myself to that decision, I was obliged to restore the ring she had lost while here, and though I went to her uncle's with the resolve that I would give it to a servant, she heard my voice in the hall, and called me back. Considerable talk ensued, and she prevailed upon me to accept a gift for Alice. I did not, however, build any hopes on these things; I had made up my mind to banish or control my wild yearnings for her society, and we did not meet again till I saw her clinging to her frightened horse in the woods."

He paused, mused a moment, and went on—

"Father, I cannot tell you what a struggle I have had since she left the room. Love says, 'She is not the girl to be dazzled by rank or wealth. Confess the truth, the whole truth, she will not trample on a heart like yours!' Duty bids me be silent. But 'tis hard, hard to give her up—to think of her as another's! Father, you are wise and good—speak a word to strengthen me in my purpose!"

"Let me think," exclaimed the old fisherman, and he sank into his arm-chair, and once more lighted his pipe. Finally he rose, and went to the table where Richard sat.

"My son," he began, "you are right! Let your secret be buried in your own heart—it is madness to dream of her."

The young man bowed his head upon his hands, and for a full hour neither spoke. Then his father said:

"Richard, it is the hour for prayer."

He started from his seat, brought the Bible, as it had been his custom to do from his childhood, and laid it on the old man's knee. He opened it, and read a chapter well adapted to the occasion. The reading over, he knelt by the fireside, and repeated, with wonderful pathos, the Lord's Prayer, emphasizing the passage, "Lead us not into temptation."

Somewhat calmer, Richard Croften left the kitchen; but he had not yet lain down in his little chamber between the eaves, when he heard moans. Louder and louder they grew, and he was certain they proceeded from the room occupied by their guest. He was listening intently, when the door at the foot of the rude staircase was opened, and his father called:

"Richard, Richard, come down."

Quick as thought he obeyed the summons.

"What is the matter?" he asked, in breathless anxiety.

"Miss Ward is in a bad way—she's got cold in the storm, and is very feverish, your mother says, and out of her head, too."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the young man, and he moved toward the door of her room.

There stood Grace, her cheek and brow flushed, her lips parched, her eyes burning with unnatural fire. She had put on her riding-dress and hat, and now she cried:

"I tell you I am going home! 'Tis cold here, and at the South 'tis always pleasant, and there are flowers the whole year round. I can't stay at Uncle Ward's—the house is like a tomb since Mabel's death, and ghosts haunt me. Back! back! don't follow me here—don't!" and with a piteous wail, she shrank into the farthest corner.

Richard Crofton perceived that the stranger of the ruin still haunted her, and he moved toward her, and laid his hand soothingly on her heated forehead.

"O, Captain Crofton!" she exclaimed, "I am glad you have come; banish that ghost!"

"There is no ghost near your, Grace. You are are surrounded by friends—you are still in my home."

For an instant she seemed to realize what was passing, and Crofton resumed:

"Shall I take you to your uncle?"

"No!" and she shuddered. "I tell you 'tis like the grave there; and Ralph, he persists in talking of love when I told him it was in vain! O! I am so tired—so tired!" and she burst into a passion of hysterical tears.

"You shall rest," murmured the young lover, and he placed her on the low bed, and turned to his mother in the utmost alarm.

"Go for Doctor Burchstead," she whispered.

"Do all you can for her in my absence—try to soothe her as I do!" said Richard; and with a long, long look at the poor sufferer, he strode away. He saw the physician set out for Swampscot, and then hastened to communicate the sad tidings to Captain Ward. He haughtily thanked him for his kindness, and declared he would go back with him. When they reached the cottage, the doctor had just come from the sick-room.

"How do you find her?" inquired her uncle.

"Alarmingly ill, sir. She has had some great shock, and there are strong symptoms of brain fever."

Crofton proceeded to explain what our readers already know, not excepting the appearance of the strange tenant of the Haunted House.

"Ah, that accounts for it; that accounts for it!"

"I wish," resumed Captain Ward, "she had got home first. How shall we manage to carry her?"

"She must not be moved at present," said the doctor; "our only hope is in perfect quiet."

"Our cottage is a poor place, I doubt not, to one who has been reared in luxury!" exclaimed young Crofton; "but we will do our best to make her comfortable."

"Since she must stay," said her uncle, "I will send up articles which may be needed, and her own waiting-woman. I am still anxious about Mr. Heathcote—pray, have you seen or heard anything of him since sunset, Doctor Burchstead? You are out in all kinds of weather, and I thought perhaps you might have met him."

"He dismounted from his panting horse at the inn just as I passed on my way to Swampscot."

"I assure you I am very, very glad to hear of his safety; when hours and hours went by, and they did not come, we feared the worst."

"This is bad enough," rejoined the doctor, glancing at the door which had been closed upon Grace.

"Yes, poor, poor girl! I will go and see if she knows her old uncle."

"Indeed you must not," and the physician forced him back into his seat; "my orders are strict. You can do no good here; hasten home, and quiet your wife as best you can, for she is yet nervous. I shall not leave your niece at present."

With some reluctance Captain Ward left without any further attempt at an interview with Grace, and the doctor sat by the fire, listening to every sound from the sick room. Richard Crofton paced the kitchen awhile in silence, but at last he paused before the physician, and asked—

"Is there any hope?"

Doctor Burchstead looked up at the pallid face of the young man, and a suspicion flashed through his brain that he might have more than a friendly interest in her.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "the attack is sudden and alarming, but by no means hopeless. I will go to her again."

Noiselessly he entered the room, where Mrs. Crofton was watching, and stood for a time listening to her ravings. Then he returned to the kitchen and said—

"She calls for you, Captain Crofton—calls for you incessantly. Perhaps it will quiet her to see you."

Young Crofton did not heed the meaning smile that hovered about the physician's mouth, but hurried to the sufferer's bedside. There was no time for formality now—he murmured:

"Grace," instead of Miss Ward, smoothed back her thick hair, bathed her brow, and held the cooling cordial to her lips. Strange to say, she began to grow calm, and ere long fell asleep. While Crofton was watching her slumbers, Doctor Burchstead reappeared.

"What! is she asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You prove a skillful nurse;" and the physician retired, but he watched the night out at the cottage. When morning came, she was more comfortable, but the doctor gave it as his opinion that she could not escape a nervous fever. Just after he left, a fine steed dashed up to the door, and its rider dismounted, and entered the cottage without rapping. The first person he met was the master of the Petrel, the two men gazed at each other, and Heathcote asked, earnestly:

"How is my cousin?"

Crofton answered him, and he resumed:

"Captain Ward is very anxious to have her removed to her home; she has always been surrounded with luxury, and we both fear she will miss it sadly."

Richard Crofton bit his lip as he replied:

"Doctor Burchstead positively forbids her removal. As for attention, she does not lack for that."

"I declare 'tis deused unlucky; but I suppose we must submit. I will, however, express my regret to her in person—please show me to her room."

"Not for the world, sir; my orders are imperative."

"But I have a lover's claim."

"Not even her own mother, if she had one, could be admitted without the doctor's permission."

For an instant Ralph Heathcote stood measuring his rival with his eye, but he concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and abandoned the idea of any conflict then and there. With "a thousand regrets" he turned on his heel, and was soon dashing back to Lynn; but as he rode on, he cursed Dick Crofton roundly.

During the day Capt. Ward came to the cottage, bringing his neice's waiting-woman, who was also an efficient nurse; and at eventide Heathcote again appeared with anxious inquiries.

Weeks wore on, and Grace was still an inmate of the Swampscot fisherman's home. Young Crofton's face had grown haggard, and his eyes mournful, for the sufferer had hovered on the verge of the great shadow-land, and at times he had feared that the next hour, the next moment would bring into the cottage the grim presence, which comes alike to the palace and the hovel. In her wildest moods he could soothe her, for when she knew nobody else she always recognized him, and appeared to feel safe if he were near.

Meanwhile autumn had come in all her glory. A dreamy haze made the whole atmosphere soft and slumbrous; the foliage seemed to have stolen the hues of the sunset clouds; the fields were all aflame with gorgeous flowers; ripe grain tossed in the breeze like billows of gold; red-cheeked apples, luscious pears and damsons gleamed amid the orchard boughs; grapes drooped in heavy clusters from the vines, whose tangles had been so green in summer, and the berries of the wild woodbine grew purple among the rocks. The twilights rivalled those of Italia, and at night the heavens were radiant with the pale splendor of the harvest moon, moving on, on, on, like a silver-sandalled pilgrim, to some far-off Mecca of the sky.

In the midst of Nature's high carnival, a solemn hush brooded over the fisherman's home. Often the young sailor might be seen pacing the beach in his terrible unrest, or lying on the greensward in a vain endeavor to lull the passion-waves that surged through his strong, tried heart.

One evening he stood outside the cottage door, awaiting Dr. Burchstead, who was closeted in the sick room. At length he heard his step, and advancing to meet him, said:

"Well."

It was only a word, but the expression of his eyes, his haggard face, and the tone in which it was uttered, made it eloquent.

"She is better, much better," replied the physician. "The crisis is past—she's out of danger."

Richard Crofton did not speak, but tears, which his manhood did not blush to shed, glistened in his eyes, and his sturdy frame thrilled with a sudden joy. He sat in the rustic perch, musing on all that had transpired within a few weeks, when he was aroused from his reverie by a rustling amid the shrubbery. He leaned forward, and his gaze as usual roved to the window of the apartment where Grace lay. A female figure, tall and slender, and shrouded in black, lurked beneath, and at length rose with the utmost caution, and tried to peer through the lattice. Suddenly she sank into her leafy covert, as if in fear of being discovered; Cassie, the invalid's nurse, thrust aside the coarse curtain, and raised the window to admit a breath of fresh air. Then she retired, and the mysterious visitant drew herself up, and gazed long and earnestly at the wasted form and pale, thin face of the girl. On the approach of the maid to close the window, she darted off, and plunging into the wood, was soon lost to sight. These circumstances recalled to Crofton's mind what Grace had told him of the tenant of the ruined house, and the assertions of Cassie that once while the invalid was asleep, she had seen a shadowy visitor glide in, and for several nights afterward had perceived the same black-robed form lurking about the cottage. The young man was not in the least superstitious; he did not believe this was a restless ghost, but he could not divine why the stranger should thus haunt Grace Ward, and he resolved to fathom the mystery if possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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THE FOREWARNED.

A TEXAN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

In the year 1819, John Wharton, an intelligent and energetic young Virginian, having gone to New Orleans to seek the fortune which he was compelled to carve out for himself, was there employed by a large cattle-dealer of the city to go out and purchase a drove of neat cattle in the sparse settlements of the prairies of north-western Louisiana. For this purpose he was furnished with the outfit of a good saddle-horse, dirk, pistols, and two thousand dollars in gold and silver, which last he carefully deposited in the bottom of his saddle-bags, beneath such articles of spare clothing as he thought best to take along with him on his journey. And it was on the outward-bound part of this expedition of young Wharton, and before he had parted with any of the money entrusted to his care, that the suggestive incident to which we have alluded, or rather as it might be called, the startling adventure, of which he was destined to become the hero, occurred to him.

Night was at hand, and Wharton, having reached a distance of more than one hundred miles into the interior, and ridden all day over a wide-spread and nearly desolate waste, with only here and there a miserable human habitation, seen in the far distance to the right or left of the road, to enliven the dreary solitude of the way, was now anxiously revolving in mind his chances for reaching some house of entertainment before the approach of darkness. He had been told, at the place where he lodged the previous night, that after proceeding about forty miles on his proposed route, he would reach a more thickly-settled part of the country, the first house of which would afford him safe and comfortable quarters for the next night. But why had not that place by this time been reached? He had travelled that day, he felt confident, nearly or quite the required distance, and yet, though he could see all prominent objects for several miles along the level road before him, nothing in the shape of a house greeted his anxious gaze. And to add to his uneasiness, it was becoming deeply cloudy, and the night promised to be one of such darkness as would make his prospects of keeping the right road, where almost equally broad paths were frequently found striking out from it, extremely doubtful. While in this state of doubt and uncertainty, and while slowly walking his jaded horse, and often sending a wistful glance forward to catch sight of the promised haven, a man of quite respectable appearance and kindly looks, struck into the road a few rods before him.

"Good evening, friend," exclaimed Wharton, spurring forward his horse to the side of the man, who was on foot and passing on in the same direction; "I am glad to have fallen in with you just at this time, as I have become rather doubtful of my whereabouts. How far to the settlement, where I was told I could obtain good lodgings for the night."

"The settlement?" responded the man, with seeming surprise, as he cast a keen, covert glance at the saddle-bags of the other. "O, ah! I know where you mean, now; yes, good lodgings enough, doubtlesss if you have the luck to find your way there to-night."

"But how far is it?"

"Well, I reckon not over fifteen miles, stranger."

"Fifteen miles! Why, I counted on being nearly there already. What am I to do? How am I to find my way there in the dark?"

"The prospect *is* rather dubious in that, I should say, stranger, because you see it is going to be powerful dark to-night."

"True, but is there no house near, where I could stay?"

"None on the road, and none nearer anywhere, except mine."

"Yours? where do you live?"

"A short mile from here, on the right, and about half that distance from this road, the path leading to it being still some way ahead."

"Indeed! Then why can't you keep me to-night, my good sir?"

"Well, I don't keep tavern, and besides, you would not be satisfied with any fare I could give you."

"Why, I would be thankful for almost *any* kind of fare under these circumstances. If you could raise some sort of feed for my horse, and let me camp down on the floor of your house, I would be satisfied even at that."

"O, I suppose my woman could rig you up a comfortable bed, and there would be no trouble about the horse feed and shelter. But I have no food in the house, just now, fit to set before a gentleman like you."

"I care nothing for the food. Let me stay; I will pay you well."

"O, I shouldn't think of taking pay of you if I took you in at all, and I don't know but I ought to, seeing you are so belated. Yes, on the whole, I reckon I will. So you may follow me. Here's where I turn in to go to my house."

Too much rejoiced at this unexpected prospect of finding good lodgings for the night, to think of scanning the man very closely, or note how often, as they passed along the narrow, crooked path, he fell back along side and jostled the saddle-bags, and mistaking his wheedling tones for those of considerate kindness, Wharton unhesitatingly followed him to his house, a log building of two rooms, standing on the border of a partially cultivated field. On reaching the place, he dismounted, and taking his saddle-bags on his arm, followed the man into the house, and was announced to its mistress—a comely enough, but rather an abject-looking woman—as "a traveller who had concluded to put up with their poor fare for the night." The husband then went out to care for his guest's horse, leaving the latter to take the proffered seat, and attempt a conversation with the wife. She, however, seemed little inclined to encourage the attempt, confining herself to brief replies to his questions, and appearing, as he at first thought, from her hesitating manner and disturbed looks, to have become sad and troubled at thoughts which his coming had occasioned. But all such appearances, as she began to bestir herself in her preparations for supper, were soon lost sight of, and the man now coming in, and entering into a pleasant conversation, not only were all the doubts and unfavorable inferences which the woman's first appearance was causing Wharton to draw as indicating something amiss, either in her or her husband, entirely forgotten, but he became well satisfied with them both, and often secretly congratulated himself, during the evening, on having fallen in with such kind and honest people.

After partaking with his host and hostess the passibly good supper, provided by the latter for the three, and chatting with them awhile afterwards, Wharton, having been previously told where his bed was to be found when he was ready for it, took his saddle-bags and hat, and, with candle in hand, retired to his sleeping-room, which was separated from the kitchen, where the man and his wife were left to sleep, by a rough board partition and a thin, rickety door. Here he found the bed, which was to serve him for the night, and which stood in the corner of the room remotest from the door, to be the only article of furniture in the apartment, that seemed mainly to have been used as a store-room for meal, flour, dried meats strung on pegs along the walls, and different kinds of grain kept in the primitive tubs made of short cuts of hollow logs. Before undressing he carefully arranged his saddle-bags under his pillow, next drew out his pistols, examined the priming, and placed them at one end of the pillow, so that he could instantly lay a hand upon them, and then took out his watch and looked round for some nail or peg near at hand, on which to hang it, but seeing none, and noticing no spot on the bed where, if laid, it would not be liable to be thrown off and injured in his movements in sleep, he thrust it into a small tub of millet, or some other small grain, which stood within reach of his arm under the bed. All this being done, he undressed, laid his clothes where he could find them in the dark, and, being fatigued in body and perfectly easy in mind, soon fell into a profound and peaceful slumber.

How long he thus quietly slept he knew not. But after this unknown lapse of time, he gradually became conscious of some unusual disturbance of feeling, which seemed brooding over him, and which continued to press heavier and heavier, till it finally fully awakened him.

"What is this?" was the first of his collected thoughts, as he aroused himself. "What has made me wake up with these unusual sensations. Am I seized with some sudden sickness?"

And he passed his hands over his chest and limbs; but he could detect no symptoms of fever there. He felt of his pulse, but the beat was regular and healthful. It could be, then, no bodily ailment that had disturbed him. No, it must be something operating on his mind, or mysteriously affecting his moral sensibilities. This, indeed, he soon became sensible was exclusively so. But what was it? What cause was there for it? He could not tell. He could comprehend neither the cause nor effect. He could only *feel* the dark oppressive brooding of something, which seemed to be shaping itself into sensations of concern and apprehension, and which soon grew into a deep and indefinite sense of some closely impending danger to himself, that no reasoning with himself could account for, nor any effort of his firmness allay. But where could there be any danger? Were there robbers lurking about the house, with the intent of effecting an entrance to murder and plunder him? "Well, if there are," he said to himself, laying his hand on his pistols, "I can be, now I am awake and on my guard, plenty enough for them, I think, even without calling on the man of the house. The man of the house!" And he stopped short in his mental soliloquy, as his supposed friendly host was thus incidentally brought up to his mind; and his groping thoughts seemed instantly to emerge from their misty surroundings and grasp on the man, as himself the very instrument of the apprehended evil which they had been vainly laboring to discover. But at first he promptly repelled the intruding thought as an ungenerous suspicion of one whom he believed he had every reason to consider a kind and honest man. Yet, for all that, his mind again and again reverted to the same point, and seemed involuntarily to settle on the same unwelcome conclusion, till the conviction became, in spite of all his efforts to combat it, so fixed and clear, that he at length resolved on a movement, which should fully test the justness of the suspicion. Accordingly he carefully slid out of bed, and noiselessly crept towards the door, where he proposed first to pause and listen, and then, if necessary to complete his discoveries, to pass through into the other room to ascertain whether the man and his wife were both in bed and asleep, or absent from the house, as the former, at least, might be if plotting mischief. As he neared the door in the dark, a faint suffusion of light coming through a large knot-hole in the lower part of the door caught his sight; when cautiously edging along on hands and knees to the aperture, he first applied his eye, and was soon enabled to distinguish the dimly disclosed figures of the man and his wife, sitting, with their heads cowering together, on low stools over the dying embers of the fire, and evidently engaged in some low, half-whispered consultation. He then applied his ear and listened intently. For awhile only an unintelligible jumble of the suppressed sounds, coming from the whisperers, fell upon his ear; but, as the beating of his heart subsided and his breathing became quieter, he at length began clearly to distinguish their words, and finally to make out the connected dialogue passing between them.

"I tell you, Bets," now came distinctly to the listener, in the hoarser whisper of the man, who seemed growing more and more earnest in his replies to what appeared to have been a remonstrance on the part of his wife—"I tell you, it will not make the matter any worse than it stands now. I got my foot fairly in, you know, in that other affair."

"Yes, and I have not had a night's good sleep since; and I never can pass that slough hole, when I have to go down that way after the cow, without shuddering; nor can I ever catch sight of the top of the old cotton-wood, even here from the house, without thinking about it."

"That is all nothing; and this case will add nothing to your foolish fancies, while it will make me independent. The way his saddle-bags stretched down, and felt, when I got my hand under the bottoms of them as we came along, shows a good thousand in them, if silver, and if gold, more then ten times as much."

"O, don't think any more of it—now, don't Carl. Take what you got before, and let us move to our folks in Arkansas, and live honestly."

"I will, after this job is over."

"O, I can't—I tell you, Carl Corey, I *cannot* see it done."

"Then go out and camp down on the further side of the hay-stack, beyond the barn, as I'm bound to go through it now. And when you come in, after daylight, all will be done up, and no traces left; for I shall use my short lasso."

Little more was said by either; and the vanquished woman, after remaining silent a few minutes, rose, stood hesitating a while, and then, sobbing as she went, slowly disappeared through a back door of the room.

Being at no loss how to interpret words of such startling significance as those which had thus providentially reached his ear, and amazed at the double turpitude they disclosed in a man who, with the face and tongue of a saint, could so coolly admit one murder, and declare his intention of repeating the crime on the person of an unsuspecting guest, Wharton softly crept back to his bed, hastily slipped on all his clothes but his coat, placed himself recumbently on the bed, and, with a blanket partly drawn over him, and a pistol in each hand, quietly awaited the expected event.

And scarcely had these timely preparations been effected, before his keenly attent ear caught the sound of a stealthy movement in the other room in the direction of his door; and the next moment he heard the door cautiously opened, and then soon discerned the form of the insidious villain slowly emerging into the room, where he paused, and appeared to be listening to the breathing of the supposed sleeper, who purposely kept up an audible snoring, to induce his enemy to come forward within the more certain aim of his pistols. The desired advance was now commenced with the same cat-like stealth as before. And, in a few seconds more, the dastardly assassin stood in the middle of the floor, holding the fatal noose with one hand, lifted and drawn back for the throw, grasping the half-concealed knife with the other, and eagerly peering forward to see how he could best execute his murderous purpose. At this critical juncture, Wharton, who had been keenly noting the other's advance, with his thumbs on the hammers of his pistols, suddenly cocked, raised them to an aim, and sternly exclaimed:

"Stand, villain! With the first movement of your hands, and with your first step forward, you are a dead man!"

Taken completely by surprise by this unexpected demonstration, and alarmed at the thought of the detection of his designs, which he saw it must, in some degree at least, involve, the cowardly wretch at once retreated in confusion back to the door, and began to mumble out:

"Umph! all nothing—only came in to see how you slept—hadn't leastest intention to do you any harm—protest I hadn't; so hope you won't go off, now, and tell people of the mistake, lest they try to make something out of it."

"Hypocritical scoundrel!" indignantly retorted Wharton. "I understand you well. Begone! and if you show yourself in here again to-night, I will send a bullet through your heart!"

To this the man made no response, but closed the door, and after appearing to stand pondering awhile, was heard leaving the house, and then soon returning with his wife, and going with her to bed. After that, Wharton was disturbed no more; but he dare not suffer himself to fall asleep, lest he should be taken by surprise by any further attempt which might be made on his life. And so, bolstering himself up in a sitting posture, he, with pistols in hand, and all his senses keenly awake, sat there in his bed, listening and watching, through the three or four long and anxious hours that intervened before morning. But with the first flush of day, he noiselessly arose, finished dressing himself, thrust his hand into the grain tub and drew out his watch, as he supposed it was, took his saddle bags on his arm, carefully raised a window of his room opening into the yard, crept out, proceeded to the stable, saddled and mounted his horse, and, undiscovered, hurried away from the suspicious place, threaded his way back to the main road, and rode rapidly forward on his journey.

After riding less than five miles, instead of the fifteen the designing villain, Corey, led him to believe it to be, he came to the tavern and the settlement he was to have reached the preceding evening. Here he alighted, called for refreshments, and, while they were preparing, purposely entered into conversation with the landlord, a man evidently, as he had been told, of responsible character, who soon asked:

"Where could you have lodged last night, sir, to be in so early this morning from *Robber's Reach*, as they call the last dozen miles of the route you appear to have come?"

"At a house four or five miles back, situated some distance from the road, and occupied by a man and his wife, of the name of Corey, as I gathered."

"Corey? Did you gather that from him? He has called himself Carlton, for the year or so, he has lived there."

"Aha! No, not from him exactly—I got at the name strangely. But before I say more, let me ask what kind of a man he is reputed to be?"

"A smooth, but dark and dangerous fellow. To say nothing of the increase of thefts hereabouts, since he came into the vicinity, he is suspected of a far greater crime. Some three months ago, a gentleman well known in this settlement, was expected to reach here on a certain day, with a considerable sum of money; but he never made his appearance, though known to have been on the way. But why did you ask that question?"

Being thus brought to the subject, he was thinking how to open, Wharton then minutely related all that he had seen and heard while lodging the night before at the house in question; when the landlord leaped from his chair in excitement, and exclaimed:

"God be praised! That woman's words furnish a direct clue to poor Johnson's fate, which you came so near sharing. I have been over that place—remember that slough-hole and the old cotton-wood at the end of it. Johnson's body is doubtless there, but may be too much decomposed to be identified. If so, more proof, perhaps, may be required to make out——"

"Stay!" here interrupted Wharton, now for the first time, drawing out the watch in his pocket. "How is this? This is not my watch! But how could mine have been changed for it?"

"Let me see that watch," eagerly said the landlord. "Now the good Lord be praised again! This is Johnson's watch. I remember noting it for this peculiar make, when he was last here. That remorseless Satan had hid it in that grain tub, and you dug it out in the dark for your own. The case is made out. Now, friend, to your breakfast, and nearly by the time you are through, I will have mounted men enough here to make up with ourselves, the last visiting the villain will probably ever have the honor of receiving."

The prompt landlord was as good as his word. Within the hour a half-dozen armed and mounted men, including the acting sheriff of that section, where Lynch law mostly prevailed, were, headed by Wharton and the landlord, making their way at full speed for the house of the doomed culprit, who, not once dreaming that the tell-tale conversation between him and his wife had been overheard by their escaped guest, and knowing that little could be made out of anything that had actually been done to the latter, had not supposed there would be any public movement made about the affair of the night; and, consequently, not having deemed it necessary to his safety to absent himself from his house, he and his affrighted wife were taken wholly by surprise when the detective party arrived and burst in upon them, while sitting at their breakfast-table. He, however, for awhile kept up his assurance, and defied them to make out anything against him. But when shown the watch, which Wharton, after having gone and found his own, now held up to his view, he turned deadly pale. And when it was proposed as the next movement, to go and search the slough-hole, he seemed utterly confounded, and evidently saw the full extent of his danger. He was now closely pinioned, and left in custody of three of the party, while the rest of them proceeded to the slough-hole; and at length fortunately succeeded in fishing up from the mud and water the putrid remains of a man who, from a now remembered crippled finger, was identified by one of the company as the murdered Johnson. After burying the remains at the foot of the old cotton wood, they then went back to the house, and reported their discoveries to their companions, when the united company promptly organized themselves into a Lynch law court, gave the culprit a formal, but brief trial, found him guilty and sentenced him to be hung within the hour. The woman they spared on the condition that she should produce the money taken from the murdered traveller; and that then, packing up all the clothing and other articles she could carry on her husband's horse, she should instantly depart on her way out of the country. With these conditions she was but too thankful to comply. Under her disclosures and guidance, the money was dug out from the bottoms of the different, beforementioned grain tubs, among which it had been distributed. She was then assisted in gathering up her portable goods, and packing them on her horse; when, hastily taking her farewell of her husband, in a long, mute kiss, and a groan of anguish, she mounted and rode weeping away. And scarcely had she passed out of sight, before the guilty wretch whose well-merited fate she was bewailing, was brought forth, and, with the very lasso he intended for Wharton, unceremoniously strung up by the neck to the limb of an oak tree standing in his own door-yard, where he was left to dangle and rot, as a gibbeted terror to all like evil-doers.

◆

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.

Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their 37th year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over. Raffaelle, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a single line of poetry; yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written "Comus" at twenty-eight; but he was upwards of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his "Task" was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of thirty before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.

◆

WINE and good dinners make abundance of friends; but in the time of adversity not one is to be found.

LOOKING TO THEE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Thou only can'st our faltering feet
Guide day by day;
Thou knowest how weak and frail we are,
How oft' we stray;
Lord, trustingly our hearts we raise,
For strength we pray.

We know that we are steeped in sins;
Life's blooming spring
Has brought us many flowers; but, ah,
The serpent's sting
Has touched with mildew and decay
Each offering.

Father, thou only knowest how
We felt the blight;
How Life's bright joyous sunny rays
Were lost in night,
Till lovingly thou pierced the gloom
And gave us light.

Thou'lt hear our prayer and give us strength
In thee, we trust;
For thou art holy, good, and kind,
And true, and just;
Thou wilt be merciful, thou knowest
We are but dust.

◆

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEACON FIRE.

Nine days had the Daredevil ridden at anchor in the bay; for nine successive evenings had her boat, manned by the trustiest of her crew, with muffled oars, prowled in and around the secluded inlets, and deep, glassy creeks, overhung by the tangled brake and craggy fastnesses of Deepgang; nine times had the mate returned disappointed, delayed by some excuse plausible in itself, yet provoking Yawmans to the most emphatic expression of his opinion and disgust, more forcible than elegant.

Yet the brute-like fidelity of the outlaw to his chief, prevented his utterance of such opinions in the hearing of any upon whom it was incumbent to impress the absolute infallibility of their superior. To the men, then, the orders of the captain always bore due weight and urgency; a change of plan, some freshly-devised scheme for plunder, or some piece of intelligence newly obtained, formed ample excuse, as delivered by the mate, who once went even so far as to take upon himself the blame of an omission which was made the cause of a fresh delay.

But the private conferences of the ruder villain with his leader grew in urgency, and the soliloquies of the former outrivalled, in vividness of imagination, any former production of that worthy, as he gave vent to his pent-up emotions in a deliberate condemnation of the female share of the creation, under every form, to every possible species of punishment and extinction, in revenge for the influence one member of it had assuredly taken in influencing his commander, and, through him, the fortunes of the band.

It was the tenth night.

By the orders of the pirate, the Daredevil had been brought yet lower down the coast, and to a spot where, with an assurance worthy of her name, the vessel lay under cover of the very rocks where the coast-guard station was situated, and within three miles and a half of Deepgang.

Shortly after nightfall, a boat was manned and put off from the vessel, and took its way along the coast, keeping close in shore, under the deep shadow of the rocks.

The night was close and warm, and perfectly still; low upon the horizon hung a heavy bank of clouds, which had laid an embargo on the sunset, and wrapped the earth in twilight full an hour too soon.

There was no moon, and the heavy darkness seemed in no wise relieved by the stars that glittered far overhead like silver embroidery on a funeral pall.

The boat crew had pulled silently and stealthily round the projection which veiled the bay of Deepgang, then stretched across the bay, then put back once more into the shadow, and rested on their oars.

"Not a capfull of wind," muttered one of the men to his fellow; "it fell as sudden, too, as it rose, yesternight."

"Ay, but 'tis only napping yonder," said the other; "we shall have a stiff night of it, mate, and no mistake!"

A growl from the mate, who sat at the stern of the boat, silenced the speakers.

There was a long silence, during which the drip of the water from the oar which lay idle across the bows, and the heavy breathing of the mate, were perfectly audible.

"I shall be right glad when *this* game is done," whispered the younger of the men; "I've no love for the shore, and wouldn't care, for that matter, if I never set eyes on't again; but to be hanging on and off, the swell of the fresh turf on one side, and the salt sea t'other, and to be debarred takin' to either, why——"

"Whist, there!" the hoarse voice of the mate put in; "draw off, lads, a boat's length."

The men obeyed, and again there was silence, this time complete, for the seamen held their breath, as they listened and looked to the cliffs above them, and, in the intensity of the stillness, the night seemed to listen and to watch, too, in anticipation and suspense.

Another half hour passed. The dark mob of disaffection had climbed higher and spread wider, the light streak had narrowed, but more sharp and intense, was elongated farther around the horizon, and at long intervals a sigh more than a breeze crept over the cliff tops, and just stirred the sleeping ferns and the wild flowers straggling from the Chine, then died away, and was still, as if nature, too, lay alert behind her out-works, and raised her head from time to time, to see how all fared beyond.

"It's making up a bit for certain, now," said the elder of the men, "and a dirty night it will be, too, take my word for't."

"Dark as pitch!" returned the other; "hadn't need look for the beacon when it *is* kindled, ay, mate?" He had hardly spoken the words, when a lurid flame dashed from out the darkness of the night, like lightning from the thunder-cloud, and spread its glare upon all around.

Swiftly into recognition came every rock and stone, each tree and shrub, every boundary point or well known landmark.

The men started back, as each beheld the face of his fellow thus revealed, amazement depicted upon every feature.

For, though they had been looking for this self-same token, so sudden, and so overpowering had been the manifestation, that for the moment it took them by surprise.

But only for the moment. The hoarse voice of Yawmans was then heard, in command:

"Draw in, lads! give way there!" then he muttered to himself, with an oath; "Is he mad? lighting up the whole coast round with that infernal blaze! Give way, lads! with a will! the Gasnet Cove there—lay by, lay by." Then to himself—"He *is* coming then, he will be with us to-night, and, once aboard the Daredevil, good-bye to long-shore maggots and white-faced madams——what a blaze!"

"The capt'n had a mind to show a light," said one of the men.

"Ay, ay, less had ha' done, to my mind," grumbled the other; "dash me but the coast-guard 'll be roused, and there's little use bringing out of old sores in that quarter, but it's like him, all neck or nothing, and now he is fairly roused, why he'll be the old one's own match, so he will, and no mistake."

As he finished his soliloquy, he leaped to his feet, and appeared about to jump on shore; still he hesitated, while the men handled their oars, yet looked calmly to their superior for a decision. At the moment a loud explosion burst upon the air, awoke the echoes, which bounded from rock to rock, and rattled along the horizon like a thunder clap. High above the cliffs flew showers of sparks, and masses of burning substance were hurled into mid-air, and fell crashing headlong over the face of the rocks, or plashed hissing into the sea beyond, while the fiery reflection lighted up the sky around, and to the wide extent of waters lent a blood-red tinge far and wide.

For a moment, as the flaming masses flew, meteor-like, o'er-head—seeming to threaten destruction in their progress to the boat and its little crew—for a moment, I say, Mat Yawmans looked undecided, and not wholly unmoved; the next, he had measured the danger, scanned the risks, and, with a word to the men, re-seated himself in the stern of the boat.

Swiftly, yet as noiselessly, they pulled yet farther into the shadow of the beetling cliffs, into the bend of the bay, and drew in shore, facing that part of the sea wall where, in the earlier part of our story, we had a glimpse of the hidden retreat of the pirates.

Overhead, the beacon fire burned higher and more fiercely—upon the dark night streamed the flames yet more vividly, and the sky glowed with an angry red, while the waters now rocked to and fro, and a long, low moan sounded up from the depths, like the dissatisfied murmur of sleepers too suddenly aroused.

"The breeze is rising," said the elder man, addressing the mate. "Ay, ay! I hear, I hear!" was the response; and the mate put his hand to his ear, and listened with an eagerness that was painful in its intensity, for some other sound than those which already broke the solemn silence of the night.

Suddenly, clear, distinct, above the moan of the wind, the hollow murmur of the sea, the devouring roar of the fire, and the crack, and fall, and crash of stone, or beams, or stubborn wall or rafter, was heard a long, clear whistle. At its sound, the men started, and Yawmans sprang on shore. At the same moment, a loud shout of many voices, in mingled rage and disappointment, burst upon their ears—the sharp crack of shots were heard—horses' hoofs sounded hollow along the rocky way overhead, and the men with one voice uttered an oath, coupled with the exclamation of, "The coastguard!"

Their cutlasses flashed momentarily in the red light as each drew his weapon, but the mate signed to them to be calm, while he never turned eye nor ear from the one spot on which they had been set, as he leaped from the boat to the shore. He stood, one hand grasping a revolver, the fingers of the other in the belt clasped round his body, and in which also glittered the steel of a weapon similar to that of his comrades.

As if forewarned of the precise spot where danger might be expected, or defence needed, he stood, one foot in advance, his eyes fixed upon the loose boulders of rock that lay apparently pell-mell at the foot of the perpendicular sea-wall—his teeth set, his breath coming thick and hard, his huge frame immovable as a statue.

Again, and this time nearer, sounded the whistle, and a light gleamed between the crevices on which the eyes of the mate were set. He sprang forward, with a mighty effort hurled aside the mass of loose stone which had concealed the entrance of the cave, and from its dark passage rushed Saul Meghorn, blackened and disfigured, his hair and clothes in wild disorder, flushed by haste, and his eyes flashing wildly.

"Stand aside!" he shouted; "stand aside! They are upon my heels, the bloodhounds! But I have done them! The fire at the other entrance, and—ah! they are here!"

At the moment, a confused murmur sounded down the vaulted passage, light gleamed on its rocky sides. Saul stooped, and fired twice in quick succession. There was a cry, a groan, a hasty murmur of men—with a united effort the huge boulders were thrust to their places, and the two made with all speed for the boat.

"Quick! quick!" repeated Saul, as they hurried along; "they are upon us on all sides. The alarm was given at the station below—the cutter's manning—the men are mustering," he added, with an oath; "but they have mistaken their game."

They reached the boat—even in that moment of panic the men uttered a subdued cheer, as their long-absent captain once more greeted their sight; and the pirate thrilled with something like the old feeling, as he seated himself in the stern of the boat, and Yawmans, leaving him to steer, bent a vigorous arm to the oar.

Swiftly they sped along—cleared the bay, and boldly struck into the open space.

Mat ventured a syllable of remonstrance, but was silenced, less by a word than by the awful expression which accompanied it, and the fierce determination, almost supernatural, that seemed to burn in every feature of the outlaw.

"Bah!" he went on, and the words seemed ground out between his closed teeth. "I tell you neither man nor ——— will touch us this night. I fear nothing If I lured them out thus, it was but to give them a parting farewell; and, by all the fires of ———, I've lit a blaze yonder that will serve them to talk of for many a day."

He pointed with his extended arm to where they could now see the full extent of the conflagration. The fire had settled down to a fixed and steady glow, and by its light they saw the havoc it had already worked upon that which had been the home of Meghorn, filled and furnished for his hard-won prize, his dainty bride.

It was roofless now, and in and out the rafters ran the rude flames, and licked, and sprawled, and tumbled over in their wild gambols, now and again flaring up brightly to a clear pyramid of fire, lighting the country far and wide.

The few shrubs that stood near were already scorched and shrivelled to the earth; the out-houses had been destroyed more summarily by the explosion; while a strange sight presented itself in the appearance of one long, creeping line, distinct from the burning mass, which crawled, like a fiery snake, along the surface of the ground, to a short distance within the edge of the precipice.

"A rousing beacon, that! eh, my lads?" said Saul, as he pointed, with an exulting laugh, to the weird scene.

"Heavens, Capt'n! why, 'tis the house!" cried the mate; even his ruthless nature awed for the moment.

"Of course it is! the cursed place! Root and branch I've destroyed it, and all that belonged to it, and a few stray barrels here and there, with a pinch of powder in them, helped the business. But the bloodhounds were quicker on me than I thought, and I had to fire yon track in my own defence. By Heavens! they were sharp upon me, Yawmans. The old trap has served its turn well, but 'tis not over yet."

Even as he spoke, his quick ear and eye had assured him of an object that might well urge all in that boat to their utmost speed.

A revenue cutter had put from the shore, not far below the bay, and was now taking such a course, and at full speed, as would effectually cut off all communication between the smaller craft and the vessel towards which she was making.

"They have seen her!" exclaimed Meghorn, hastily. "'Tis their game to board us—they know whom they will find here."

"And the Daredevil!" said Yawmans, impetuously, "they'll——"

"No, no," interrupted the pirate, "they dare not attempt her. I know their strength, every man of them. Not for an hour longer could help come up from the fort below, even if they have sent. To your oars, my lads, with a will, and now for it!"

The men bent to their oars with all the concentrated force of their Herculean frames, and sped swiftly over the waters, beyond the bay, and out into space; and soon had rounded a point whence was just visible, against that broadening streak of light, the tall, raking masts of their graceful and evilly-named little vessel.

A murmur, that did duty for a cheer, passed from lip to lip, but Meghorn lifted his hand, and, silent as mutes, the giant arms bent to their duty.

The pirate glanced to where, swiftly cutting the waves, like the winged swallow on the summer air, came the cutter.

Already it had distanced the boat of the smuggler; already was taking that course, between it and the vessel, which should utterly destroy all possibility of escape. Yet the Daredevil made no sign, but lay softly rising and falling with the now troubled waters, like a bird rocked upon a bough.

"Laschars never sleeps," muttered Saul, half to himself. "If he could make us out, and—but the night is dark." Again he eyed the pursuers, and saw that their move was effected, and that they almost slackened their speed, anxious to make their advantage, ere any possibility of the vessel getting the alarm.

With a terrible oath, he turned to Mat Yawmans, on whom the same conviction had already fallen.

"We shall have to fight for it. It will be hand-to-hand work, and three to one, by ——! but better here than ashore. Lay by, my lads, 'tis no use striving; but, remember, *I* am here!"

The men answered with a cheer, that told how he was understood.

Meghorn's eyes flashed fire, and he drew a revolver from his belt, and loosened the cutlass in its hold upon the same.

The men of the cutter seemed intuitively to have understood the movement in the other, and to be preparing in like manner; while the boats, no longer propelled by the oars, were drifting nearer with every wave. The wind was rising, and now blew in hasty and inconstant gusts.

Suddenly the pirate uttered an exclamation, and, with a quick movement, cried to his men, "For the shore, lads! quick! lay down to't with a will! make for the shore!"

In a few brief words he spoke to Yawmans, and indicated, in a gesture, one spot where the insatiable flames had taken a devious course, and, running down a thickly-wooded incline, caught at the bushy foliage of some huge fern and furze bushes, upon whose dried leaves and twigs it fed with unsatiated appetite.

"It *must!*" he muttered, in a hoarse tone, to his mate. "By ~~my soul, I care not!~~—the chance *shall* be now! So, my lads—right heartily!"

Close in shore they drew, in silence—ignorant, even, of what their dread leader might purpose. The cutter, amazed at this new course, and fearing some cunning sleight of their prey, as quickly were upon their track—as eagerly and as recklessly plied their oars—hoping to seize the smugglers upon shore, where assistance would be certainly at hand.

Closer yet they drew, and the boat almost grazed the face of the craggy rock, just beneath where the fired bush yet blazed.

The cutter was close upon them. Swift as the wind, Saul, by a sudden movement—not to be so quickly followed by his pursuer—altered the course of his boat; then, throwing himself upon an oar, added the strength of his own skilled arm to enforce her speed from the dangerous proximity.

For a second the cutter paused following this sudden manœuvre, and in that moment fell destruction. As in an earthquake, the rock was suddenly rent, with the noise of thunder; high into the air were hurled the mighty fragments, to fall, seething and hissing, into the boiling sea beneath. Torrents of sparks mounted into the air; the chasm vomited forth blue flame; and the sheeted fire ran up the huge sea-wall, and along the top, and defied the dark heavens that frowned down upon the ruthless devastation. A huge, gnarled, and weather-beaten trunk of a tree—which had for ages defied the elements—fixed on its granite throne, was torn from its roots, and hurled into the depths of ocean, which parted with an unwilling groan to receive the veteran.

Panic-stricken, the men in the cutter had plied their oars, but too late. A huge fragment of rock had struck the foremost headlong from his seat in the stern into the water, which only opened to receive a corpse. Horrified, and knowing not to what visitation they were subject, some leaped into the sea, others manfully held to their duty; but fast as they might move, still faster fell ruin and dismay. They who met instant death were fortunate. The maimed, the bleeding, the crushed, who yet lived, and were alive to all the horrors of that night, might have envied the fate of such as floated by on the disturbed waters past all consciousness of life.

Not scatheless, either, did the pursued escape, though, for the moment, delivered from the danger of pursuit. Defiant and exulting, the cruel originator of the device beheld one of his followers smitten with death at his feet, a crushed and hideous corpse. The sharp granite fragment that struck the poor wretch from life into eternity pierced the side of the pirate boat, and as the missile was ejected by the rest, even their stout hearts quailed, for they beheld her filling rapidly beneath them.

At that moment a sullen boom swept across the waters—the Daredevil had spoken. Reckless now of secrecy, the men in the boat answered with a cheer, which was echoed by their fellows on board; and in another moment a swift little messenger was cutting through the waters to where the captain's well-known signal had made itself heard.

Not one moment too soon. As the wounded boat and the dead comrade sank together, her crew struck out and gained the welcome aid, amid the cheers of their mates.

Twenty minutes later Saul stood upon the deck of his own craft once more; and with all speed was giving the needful directions for instant departure.

The guns at the fort had meanwhile sounded the alarm. The country was aroused, and preparations were evidently making for pursuit.

Saul even laughed as he defied them.

"Did I not tell you," he said to Yawmans, who stood near him; "did I not tell you they couldn't harm me to-night? No, no!—let them be, Mat. All is ready—let them think they have their prey, the bloodhounds! I love to baulk them, and they will see us slip through their fingers. Ah!" he staggered and raised his arm, it dropped to his side; he attempted to speak, then he fell back into the arms of his mate, even as the dull echo of a shot recoiled from the rocks, blasted by the explosion of the magazine.

As they bore him to his cabin, the Daredevil dipped her white sails in haughty obeisance to the shore, then rose to her full proportions, and as the waves parted to her bidding, she sped upon her way, disdainful of pursuit, like a hind escaped from the toils of the hunters.

When the sun rose, there was a white speck in the far horizon, and a dark cloud hung over Deepgang, where the house of the pirate had once stood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LONDON LIFE.

It is to a small room, on the very top of one of the tallest houses in a dingy neighborhood of London, known as Shuter's Close, that the reader is now taken from Deepgang and its flowery Chine—from exploded powder magazines, dismembered coastguards, doomed pirates, the roar of flames and the smell of gunpowder.

Of the very poorest and humblest was the general appearance of this little home; yet withal there was an air of carefulness and thought, even taste, about its arrangements.

The top of an old press was covered by a piece of spotted muslin, very old, and much darned, but white as snow, and on it, in a cracked mug, were set a bunch of feathery grass and wild hedge-side flowers.

The window opened on the gutter and parapet of the high roof, and the view would have been of the most monotonous, consisting of the various chimneys opposite, but a couple of bushy geraniums and a balsam arrested the eye in time from wandering further.

Beneath the window, so placed with an evident intent as to all available daylight, not forgetting, too, the prospect of geraniums and balsam, was a long deal board, a fixture. It was strewed with pieces of paper, scraps of satin, and silk, and net, of all colors, and of the minutest atoms; also a saucer of gum, a small brush, a ball of fine silver twist, a roll of narrow satin ribbon, a pair of scissors, and a few small trifles. In a pasteboard box was a heap of heterogeneous morsels which, on a nearer inspection, proved to consist of a singular variety. Little naked boys furnished with wings, and a bow and arrow, or a torch, scarlet hearts, curiously fashioned roses, which, at a touch, bloomed into the semblance of the human face; rings of golden tinsel, which, being lifted, discharged a cradle with a shrieking infant kicking lustily therein; with many more devices, too numerous to mention; intermixed with lace-bordered papers and envelopes of endless variety and exquisite delicacy of finish. But I should have mentioned that the whole was covered with an old muslin curtain, on whose whiteness the "blacks" thickly strewed, showed the necessity of the precaution.

And as, to satisfy our curiosity, we have lifted the cover, we replace it in all haste, as footsteps sound upon the stair, and the moment after the door is unlocked, and two persons enter the room.

A young woman, to judge by her looks, not more than twenty, certainly, and, it may be, less, being poorly dressed, and unseasonably, for it is a warm spring day, and she wears a dress of black stuff and a winter cloak, but which are many winters old; and these, and a heavy, unbecoming black bonnet, joined to a look of uneasiness and depression that seem habitual, give her the appearance, at first, of an age which she certainly cannot lay claim to.

She leads by the arm, carefully guiding his steps, an old man, who is dressed with considerably more regard to comfort, and even appearances, than herself,. The old man is nearly blind, and is far from accustomed or reconciled to his infirmity, as is soon apparent from the false attempts he makes, and the complaints which follow his failures. The girl is his daughter.

"You'd like to lay down a bit, now, father, wouldn't you?" she says, when she had seated the old man in the arm chair, allowing him to imagine he had done so unassisted.

"Yes, child, yes. I had but a poor night—a poor night—thinking and scheming for ye—thinking and thinking."

Laying aside her bonnet and cloak, the girl had opened the press doors and let down a bedstead, which was filled with some clean and comfortable, though coarse bedding, and covered by a colored quilt. She smoothed it out; then, going to the old man's side, she assisted him to pull off his coat, and, while hardly seeming to touch his arm, guided him safely to the bed, on which he laid himself with a sigh of relief, still grumbling—"Ay, those stairs, child, those stairs! there's such a many, Aggy—such a many; they kill me, child!" and so muttering, he fell asleep.

The girl then began to bustle about the small room, like one who has not a moment to lose, and a deal of time to make up for.

She folded the coat and placed it with the old man's shoes, and hat, and stick, and her own cloak, all away behind a screen of baize; then she looked to her fire, and made it up, and set on a small saucepan. She moved quickly, yet very softly about the room, and now, again, would stop, and glance at the old man, to ascertain if he still slept.

Then she set to dusting the furniture, which was a task necessarily brief; the white toilette cloth, too, was shaken out upon the landing, the grasses picked over, and sorted to best advantage. From a shelf in her own peculiar corner came a small looking-glass.

After setting everything in the best possible array, she placed her mirror on the deal table, and began to make her toilet with great care. This completed, she sat down to her work, snipping, fining, gumming, attaching net to satin, ribbons to roses, silver twist to the naked little cherubs, wedding rings to paper, and Honiton envelopes to sky-blue satin or crimson silk. Such wonders as seemed to grow beneath her fingers, as with such celerity she turned out piece after piece, and laid them aside to dry.

At the end of some time she rose, and standing upon her chair, she tiptoed, and so obtained a glimpse of a church turret and its clock, which reared its head among the forest of chimneys around.

"I did not think it was so late," she said to herself; then she hastily descended; carefully covered with the white cloth her work; and first glancing at the sleeping old man, swiftly quitted the room, and descended flight after flight of stairs until she arrived at the back kitchen, where she found Mrs. Grejons, the landlady, busily engaged in menial duties. Mrs. Grejons greeted her visitor in friendly tones, addressing her as Miss Chaunce—(her name being Agnes Chaunce)—and inquiring kindly after her father. Agnes soon made her errand known, which was to crave permission that her father might sit in the kitchen that evening, as she was going to have company.

"It's a poor widow woman that works for Peters's," she said. "She has a dear little girl comes sometimes with her to get the work. I think she has seen a deal of trouble; she has not been used to town ways, and she has not a friend in London; so I thought it would be a change for her; and I don't see many friends myself, so I asked her."

"Ah, I see. Well, I won't have children in the house not to lodge—it wouldn't do noways, in a respectable, quiet house as mine is; but, of course, as far as visitin' goes——"

"Then I'll bring father down as soon as he's had his broth."

"Ah! and I'll have my cap ready for you; you can do it for me again tea, I suppose."

Agnes returned to her small room, and none too soon, for the old man, having awakened, was beginning to bestir himself, and in his overweening anxiety to prove his independence of all assistance, would inevitably have found his way into the fire, or have ended by committing some irreparable havoc among his daughter's dainty articles of workmanship, had she not just then entered.

"Oh, father, are you awake and up? That's right, for your dinner is just ready, and do you know Mrs. Grejons has asked you to tea with her, and you will hear plenty of the birds you are so fond of listening to; they're singing away with this bit of sunshine; my goodness, how they are singing!"

"Yes, yes, I'll go, I'm ready, Aggy," cried the old man, with trembling eagerness and childish haste, "I'm ready, child," and he began to hurry to the door, before she could be at his side, overturning and stumbling over sundry articles in his way.

It was too evident eyesight was not the only sense which was rapidly failing the old man; that deficiency would hardly have sufficed to render him oblivious of the fact that his daughter, while she brushed his coat, and with needle and thread repaired some flaw in his waistcoat, and smoothed the old neckerchief with her iron, was making her dinner off a piece of dry bread, moistened by sips of cold tea from the morning's tea-pot, while he was eating a nice dish of nutritious broth which she had prepared for him.

The broth was finished all too soon, and the basin would rapidly have found its way to the ground, had not Agnes in time intercepted and guided the shaking hand to the table.

"There, father, now it's all ready, and I'll bring you water and things; you'll have a wash, won't you?"

In a monotonous chant the old man repeated his daughter's words, while she fetched water and soap, and, with a little assistance, her father made his toilet.

There was still something to be done before the visit could be made, but Agnes had no trouble in stilling the poor invalid's impatience; he had by this time forgotten all about his anticipated pleasure, and sat quite still, croning over the verse of an old song which his daughter had purposely hummed to secure his attention, while she proceeded to make the required alterations in Mrs. Grejon's cap; that finished, she went to her cupboard, took thence a small screw of sugar, a remnant of cocoa, and some slices of bread and butter she had previously cut; these set on a plate she took in her hand, pinned the cap to her side, and then, approaching the old man's side, she said—

"Now, then, father, please, we will go down."

"Go down, Aggy? yes, go down."

"So, father, let me hold your hand; I like to hold your hand, you know," said the girl, as they approached the head of the stairs; "'cause, you know, I might fall."

"Yes, yes, child, you might fall; yes, Aggy, you might fall; such a many stairs, child—such a many stairs; what do we live up such a many for?"

Guiding her father tenderly down the weary flights, they at last came to the kitchen, where they were kindly received. The old man's attention was at once engrossed by a large cage full of canary birds, that young Tom Grejons was feeding. The birds chirruped, and sang, and hopped about, greatly to the delight of the childish old man, whose eyes beamed with pleasure as he watched and listened to them.

"Lor'! he must be a blessed handful to you, and no mistake," said the landlady, as she stood with the cap on her head, and surveyed the feeble form of the old man seated in the chair opposite, with gaze intent upon the cage, and, by the movements of his hands and head, participating, in imagination, in the agile motions of its inhabitants.

"Bless us! why, his mind's quite, as you may say, gone; there's as much trouble as a child, and for that you may say more—more than a child, you may say, for a child is growing up; but this here's no end to it, but worse and worse—you may say worse and worse."

"I have brought my father's tea, ma'am," Agnes said, gently, not wishing evidently to enter upon the subject which the not too sensitive Mrs. Grejons had broached. "If you'll please give it to him," she added, "I don't think he'll be much trouble; I hope not."

"Oh! bless you, no—poor old gentleman! yes, his mind's quite, as you may say, *gone.*"

"Then I'll come down for father, shall I, Mrs. Grejons?" asked Agnes, going towards the door, "about what time would you like?"

"Oh, when you want him, suit yourself; I'm going to have a friend in to tea myself, but that'll make no odds, he won't be in the way."

Agnes returned to her room and busied herself in making all tidy.

From the curtained-off corner of the room she fetched a small piece of baize like that which hid the recess; with a needle, thread, and scissors, she quickly adapted and fitted it to the naked board seat of her work chair, then, with some pieces of twine stitched on at the corners, she tied it firmly to the chair, and with a new flush of delight tried and rejoiced in the effect.

It was a fair trait of this girl's character that for months she had used that ill-conditioned seat and made no effort to repair the discomfort for herself; to day another was to use it, and all her ingenuity was called into request.

She had but just put away the cotton bag that did duty for a work-box, when her door being open, she heard the closing of the street door, and immediately after the loud voice of the landlady directing some one.

"Right up a-top," she was saying, "the room over the attic, and please go as quiet as you can past the first floor."

Agnes ran from her room, and met her visitors half way, welcoming them in a tone that was of itself a welcome.

She soon returned with a little girl, whom she held by one hand in both of hers, and to whom she was talking cheerily, while the child looked around her in wonder at all she saw.

She had long, dark, curling hair, and large, deep blue eyes; her dress was of the poorest, and the homely pelisse so fashioned that one hand was wholly hidden by the long sleeve, gathered together at the end, and tied with a faded ribbon in a bow.

"I oughtn't to have come first, ought I?" said Agnes, as she turned towards the door, "but I'm so glad to have you here, I forget my manners, and everything."

"You are very kind," said her visitor, pausing just at the door to take breath; "how fresh and pleasant your room feels after that close, hot room."

"Come in; it is but a poor place mine, but you're so welcome."

Nelly entered, and closed the door of the room. To be continued.

◆

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ecce iterum FIGULUS!*

Once, when a lad, it was my hap
  To gain my mother's kind permission
To go and see a foreign chap
  Who called himself "The Great Magician;"
I recollect his wondrous skill
  In divers mystic conjurations,
And how the fellow wrought at will
  The most prodigious transformations.

I recollect the nervous man
  Within whose hat the great deceiver
Broke eggs, as in a frying-pan,
  And took 'em smoking from the beaver!
I recollect the lady's shawl
  Which the magician rent asunder,
And then restored; but best of all
  I recollect the Ribbon-Wonder!

I mean, of course, the funny freak
  In which the wizard, at his pleasure,
Spins lots of ribbons from his cheek,
  (Where he had hid 'em, at his leisure,)
Yard after yard, of every hue,
  Come blazing out, and still the fellow
Keeps spinning ribbons, red and blue,
  And black, and white, and green, and yellow!

I ne'er shall see another show
  To rank with the immortal "Potter's;"
He's dead and buried long ago,
  And others charm our sons and daughters;
Years—years have fled—alas! how quick,
  Since I beheld the Great Magician,
And yet I've seen the Ribbon-Trick
  In many a curious repetition!

Thus, when an author I have read
  Who much amazed the world of letters,
With gems his fluent pen has shed,
  (All nicely pilfered from his betters,)
Presto!—'tis done!—and all complete,
  As in my youth's enraptured vision,
I've seen again the Ribbon-Feat,
  And thought about the Great Magician!

So, when a sermon I have heard
  Made up of bits of borrowed learning,
Some cheap mosaic which has stirred
  The wonder of the undiscerning,—
Swift as a flash has memory then
  Recalled the ancient exhibition,—
I saw the Ribbon-Trick again,
  And thought about the Great Magician!

So when some flippant man-o'-jokes
  Though in himself no dunce was duller,
Has dazzled all the simple folks
  With brilliant jests of every color,—
I've whispered thus:—(while fast and thick
  The jewels flashed across my vision)
"How well he plays the Ribbon-Trick!
  By Jove!—he beats the Great Magician!"

I ne'er shall see another show
  To rank with the immortal "Potter's;"
He's dead and buried long ago,
  And other wizards take the quarters;
Years—years have fled—alas!—how quick,
  Since I beheld the Great Magician,
And yet I've seen the Ribbon-Trick
  In many a curious repetition!

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* "POTTER, the Great Magician," a clever conjurer of a former generation, is still vividly remembered by many people in New Hampshire and Vermont.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Some thirty years ago the interior counties of the State of New York, particularly those along the Erie Canal, were infested by an organized gang of thieves and robbers, whose head-quarters was supposed to be in the city of New York. Their operations were not confined to the Empire State, for there were abundant evidences that they extended through to the western States, and even to Canada.

It was supposed that there were among these rascals canal-boatmen, warehousemen, and others engaged in the forwarding trade of the canal, for scarcely a cargo of merchandize arrived at its destination along that great artery of commerce, from which one or more packages of goods had not been abstracted.

These losses, of course, had to be made good to the owners by the transportation line to which the boats respectively belonged, while it was useless to attempt to trace up the thefts to their sources.

Besides those employed on the canal, there were others connected with the organization, and dwellings, barns, stables and cellars were nightly plundered, and even the fields and pastures were despoiled of sheep and cattle. Indeed, nothing came amiss to this gang of villains. Horses stolen in the East were disposed of in the West, and those from the West found ready purchasers at the East, or to avoid suspicion, they were passed from hand to hand by the robbers, so as entirely to elude pursuit or detection.

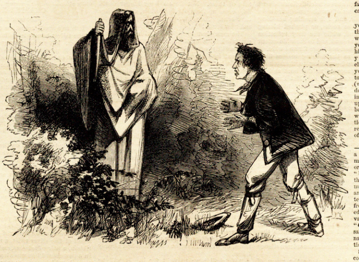
Even highway robberies were not unfrequent, and finally, to such an extent were these rascalities perpetrated, that many respectable farmers and others were glad of opportunities to sell out and remove to portions of the country where their property would be more secure. This state of things has never been paralleled on this continent, except by that more recent organization in the Mississippi valley, notorious as the *Murrel gang*, whose field of operations covered no less than fifteen States.

It was no uncommon thing for farmers, when going over their premises, to find places where stolen goods had been temporarily secreted, and hunters penetrating the deep woods and swamps came unexpectedly upon hidden encampments, which, in some instances, had the appearance of having been occupied for months. Sometimes they were deserted, and in some instances were still occupied. But a second visit to these last would always find them broken up, and the rogues fled to parts unknown.

Many persons were suspected as members of these gangs, but as nothing positive could be proven against them, they were seldom molested. Among them was a man by the name of Joe Gardener, a small farmer in the town of Middlebury, in the then county of Genesee, but now in Wyoming county. This man was rapidly accumulating property, but the secret of his success was a wonder to his honest neighbors. His horses and cattle increased in number to an astonishing degree, when his former poverty was considered, and his present apparent means. Among the stock that Joe Gardener possessed was a remarkably prolific mare. He was in the habit of mounting this animal in the fall, and after being absent all winter in Michigan, as he asserted, would return in the spring, leading a fine span of colts, which he always declared were the offspring of old Dolly. Every year the old mare was followed home in this manner by twin foals, and what made it the more remarkable was, that these *colts* were sometimes nearly as old as their reputed dam, yet Joe, never daunted, swore they were the produce from his wonderful mare. Every year found Joe Gardener becoming richer and richer, and he was soon able to buy out his neighbors' farms, and annex them to his own homestead.

Still, with all his wealth, this man was not respected. There was a mystery in his frequent absences and unexpected returns, his rapidly increasing property, and withal, in his associations with strange, suspicious-looking persons, that caused his neighbors to avoid his society, lest their own reputation might suffer thereby.

There is in Wyoming county an extensive cedar and hemlock swamp, through which flows the Tonawanda Creek. At the time of which I write this swamp occupied many hundred acres, and had been but rarely explored, except by enterprising hunters. Its valuable timber, however, has since in a great measure been cut away, and much of its margin having been reclaimed, is now the most productive of farming lands. But so long ago as 1829 its dark avenues had never rung with the lusty strokes of the woodman's ax, and rarely any other sounds were heard among its gloomy shadows than the howl of the wolf, the screams of the panther and the wild-cat, and the doleful hootings of owls.



Among many of the simple people in its vicinity, the story went, that this great swamp was haunted by the restless spirits of murdered travellers, whose bodies had been hidden among its stagnant sloughs. There were those who busied themselves in propagating and substantiating this story, and adding to the horrors of its details, till at length the place was feared and shunned by the timid and credulous.

There was, however, one Scott Fowler, living in the township of Orangeville, who, being an intelligent and fearless man, scouted these stories, and knowing the value of cedar shingles, determined to erect a shanty in the heart of the swamp, and occupy himself during the fall of 1829 in getting out bolts, which could be hauled out during the winter, when the sloughs being frozen over, teams could penetrate the forest. Finding it impossible to obtain the assistance of others, Fowler went alone; and selecting a suitable location, soon had a comfortable shelter, and commenced the work of felling trees and cutting them into bolts.

For a day or two nothing occurred to discourage him; but after that time he was disturbed by strange sounds, particularly at night, after he had lain down to sleep. He would sometimes be suddenly aroused by frightful screams close to the door of his shanty, like those of persons in imminent peril. Then the sounds would die away in groans, and sobs, and finally would cease altogether for the night. At other times his shanty would be pelted with pebbles, and other means were resorted to to excite his alarm. But Fowler was not to be scared by these things, and several times he sprang from his pallet, and catching up his rifle, ran out and searched the vicinity for the cause of these disturbances. But nothing could be discovered; and as no very serious attempts had been made, he gradually became accustomed to these sounds, and did not permit them to discourage him in his work. In the daytime he was never molested, and he continued to work away at his shingle bolts as if there had been not the least cause of alarm.

He had no doubt that the swamp was occupied by persons who wished to get rid of his presence there, and had adopted these means to accomplish their object. But so long as they offered him no injury, he was determined to accomplish the work for which he had entered the swamp.

He had thus worked nearly a week, when, Saturday arriving, he concluded to secrete his tools, and return to his home, till the following Monday.

It was near night when he reached the edge of the gloomy swamp, when there suddenly appeared a strange figure in the path before him. This apparition, which to his excited imagination seemed to be at least eight feet in hight, was enveloped in the folds of a white sheet, so that nothing but a ghastly face and two staring eyes could be perceived.

Fowler, as I have said, was a brave man, and had always ridiculed the idea of ghosts or disembodied spirits having anything to do with mortals. But all men are more or less superstitious; and Scott Fowler, with all his usual courage, felt that he was standing in the presence of some unearthly being. He was satisfied in his own mind that no living man ever wore so deathlike an expression as was seen in the bloodless and pallid face of the figure before him; and then the steady glare of those motionless, leaden eyes, which were fixed upon him with a dull gaze, certainly could not be human. Besides, he argued, nothing human that he had ever seen towered to the hight of this apparition.

At all events, "be it good spirit or devil," Fowler determined to salute the ghostly stranger; and approaching to within a few yards of where it was standing, he demanded—

"Who are you, and why do you rise up in the path before me?"

A deep groan was the only reply the sheeted figure deigned to give to this abrupt questioning.

"I never did harm to mortal man," exclaimed the woodman, "therefore I fear no harm from you. So out with it, old fellow, and tell me who you are!"

"I am a spirit!" replied the figure, drawing out the words solemnly, with a sepulchral sound.

"Spirit of what—of who?" asked Fowler, whose courage rose at the sound of his own voice. "If you have any business with me, speak out! You see I aint scared!"

"Mortal!" groaned the ghost, "do you know you are on haunted ground?"

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply; "I found that out several nights ago. But what of that? What do you want?"

"I have a deed of blood to divulge to you! But not to-night. Will you meet me here Monday night, at this same hour?" asked the ghost.

"Well, I reckon I will," was Fowler's reply.

At that moment an unearthly scream behind him made the shingle-maker turn his head suddenly in that direction, and on recovering his former position, the ghost had disappeared. Whether it had sunk into the grave from which it had arisen, or had melted into thin air, was a mystery to Fowler, who, finding his path clear, made haste to quit the gathering shadows of the swamp.

On his way home he revolved this singular adventure in his mind, and the more he thought of it the more strongly he became impressed with the idea that some kind of a trick was about being played upon him. He recalled the fact that the spot where he had seen the spirit was occupied by a cedar stump, which might have had something to do in the unnatural hight of the figure. This discovery being made, it was easy to explain the other circumstances of the cadaverous face and lack-lustre eyes fixed so motionlessly on him—they might have been only the deceptions of a mask.

Whatever it might be, Fowler determined to keep his own counsels for the present, and repeat the story to no one till after the interview he had arranged with the ghostly apparition.

Monday morning found him again on his way to the swamp, and having completed his day's work, and eaten his supper, he remembered his appointment with the ghost, and started to the edge of the clearing to meet him.

He had not been long at the spot when the same sepulchral object rose as it seemed to him suddenly from out the earth, and stood in the path directly before him. It was arrayed in a long white winding sheet, as on its first appearance. The same death-like expression of face and dull, lifeless stare of the motionless eyes met his gaze. But the shingle-maker could not help remarking that the bulk of the figure had somewhat increased since their former interview.

Fowler, convinced that the object before him was some person in this disguise, either for the perpetration of a joke upon him, or to intimidate him from the prosecution of his work in the swamp, moved fearlessly up to the side of it, and commenced the conversation by bidding it "good evening." But, uttering a groan and waving him off, the ghost receded a few steps to the dark shadow of a hemlock tree, and in solemn tones pronounced these words:

"You have met me, mortal, and I know by that fact that you doubt my being a spirit. Look! I said I would divulge to your ears a deed of blood! But I will tell it rather to your eyes—behold! and say if aught than a spirit can do this!"

Saying this, his ghostship drew from the folds of the white shirt that enveloped his figure, a long knife, and deliberately plunged it to its hilt in his breast; and with a long sweeping cut brought it out at the bottom of his belly. At first a gush of red blood burst forth, staining the shirt with its sanguinary hue, and running in streams to the ground. Then followed a mass of bowels, that with a gurgling, rattling sound, fell quivering and rolling to his feet.

Stooping, as if to disengage the connection of the mass from his body, the apparition made a few motions with the bloody knife, and then turned upon his feet and walked slowly from the spot—uttering these parting words:

"So shall it be with you, Scott Fowler, should you dare to remain another day in this swamp."

Overcome by this terrible spectacle, and now no longer doubting that he had seen a real spirit, the poor shingle maker fell to the ground in a fainting fit, and when he recovered, dark night had gathered about him.

As soon as he could recover the use of his legs, he hastened from the frightful spot, and made his way to his home, where he told his adventure to his astonished neighbors.

The story spread like wildfire, and on the following day parties started out to explore the swamp, if possible to unravel this strange affair. Fowler accompanied them. In the spot which he had indicated, were found the blood marks upon the path, and tracing these a few steps, there lay the mass of bowels in a puddle of coagulated blood! But on close examination, the intestines were discovered to be those of a sheep.

The trick was seen through. There was no doubt the swamp was occupied by a gang of the same thieves, who had so long been infesting the country. The search was continued for several days, and finally resulted in discovering a large camp of the rascals, where was secreted a large amount of stolen goods.

A number of the scamps were taken, and among them was old Joe Gardener, who on his trial afterwards, confessed that he had personated the ghost, for the purpose of frightening the shingle maker from the swamp, and keeping up the story of the place being haunted.

This circumstance led to the final breaking up of the gang, and old Joe, with a number of his fellow thieves, served out a long apprenticeship in the strong building at Auburn.

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.

Deer often engage in a sham battle or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, attempts to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after small and moving objects, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring; the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again watch, and again spring forward at another. Rengger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances like kittens. Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks and eminances in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the pie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and mimicry. A story is told of a tame magpie that it was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studious air, dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Curracк!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for amusement.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

G. W. F.—When a young man has reached the age of seventeen it is very natural and proper that he should begin to think of the future, and to select some trade or avocation to which to devote himself. In doing this you should study your natural inclination—the natural bent of your mind, and select that trade for which you have the greatest aptitude. It is immaterial what trade you fix upon, provided it be one in which you are interested, and for which you have a natural liking. Having made your selection, pursue it with energy and perseverance, devoting every faculty to it, and you cannot fail of success.

A. B. C.—When your friend came to the place where you were residing, it was your duty to call upon him first. But as four years have now elapsed, and, although you have pressed him to call upon you, (which he has not done,) he has never invited you to call upon him, it would be best now for you to wait for an invitation, as there may be reasons for his want of sociability.

U. J. AND G. W. T.—We do not make a practice of recommending any works or series of works. "U. J." can obtain the names of a mathematical series from any bookseller of extended business, or from any accomplished teacher, or advanced student; and "G. W. T." can in the same manner learn the names of the best editions of the classics.

SUBSCRIBER.—This correspondent writes that he is in love with a young lady, to whom he has avowed his attachment, when she told him that, "Two years ago she became engaged to a young man, but a short time after the engagement she found out that he was a drunkard, and unworthy of her. Her parents, on hearing of it, immediately broke off the engagement. She was so much attached to him, that she would have married him, if her parents had not interfered; and up to this time she still holds him sacred in her heart. She does not know what changes time may work, but at present she cannot engage." He wishes to know what course to pursue. You are in a position where the truest and most refined delicacy, together with high-toned honor and manliness, are necessary. It is evident from the young lady's conduct, in frankly telling you her situation, that she is an object worthy of your utmost devotion. If she is thus true to the memory of her former love, even when the object of it is unworthy, you have the highest evidence that, should you succeed in winning her affection, she would be true and devoted to you. You can only win her, however, by pursuing a delicate and manly course, by continuing your attentions respectfully but not urgently, and by treating her on every occasion as if you respected her former attachment, and admired her the more for frankly telling you her position. Never allude to that subject unless you are sure it will not be unpleasant to her, and then only in the most respectful and delicate way. She will appreciate such delicacy and respect, and the contrast between yourself and her unworthy lover cannot but make a deep impression in your favor.

J. R. W.—Astronomers tell us that there *are* spots on the sun. It was formerly thought that they were mountainous elevations upon that orb, similar to the mountains upon the earth. The modern theory, which has recently been advanced, is, that the sun itself is an opaque body like the moon, and that the light proceeds from a luminous ether with which it is surrounded. According to this theory, the spots upon the disk of the sun are openings in the ether, through which the opaque surface of the orb is revealed. It is thought that the solar light is occasioned by the radiation of these minute particles of luminous ether, and that the material, thus radiated, is supplied from the body of the sun; or in other words, that the sun is the wick of the candle, and this ether the flame. Whether, as in the case of rain, the material once used returns by some process of nature to be used again, or whether the sun was constructed of sufficient size to supply this material until the final destruction of the universe, is still a question open for scientific investigation. In regard to the earth being destroyed in a century, we do not know, and have not a sufficient gift of prescience to determine.

HILL SIDE.—The pronunciation of the word "*Bouverie*" can hardly be expressed upon paper. It should be pronounced without *any particular* emphasis upon *any* syllable, but in a smooth, gliding tone, and with about an equal stress of voice upon each syllable. It is a peculiarity of the French language, and one of which many who have studied the language are totally ignorant, that it is almost entirely destitute of any accent in the sense in which we use the word. The marks of accentuation are used in French not to denote any particular emphasis upon a syllable, but only to mark the peculiar pronunciation of the vowel letter, and such a thing as throwing the stress of voice upon any one syllable to any great degree is not tolerated. Many scholars, in studying the French language, carry with them the English custom of emphasizing syllables, and to such an extent has this been carried, that the French sometimes use the word accent to mean "foreign brogue."

DELLA.—Because a young man has met with an accident which made him lame, we do not think ladies should look upon him "with pity and often with contempt," nor do we think that any true woman, of noble and generous sentiments, and who is at all alive to sympathy for the unfortunate, would do so. It is, however, very frequently the case, that persons who have met with misfortune become morbidly sensitive to *fancied* neglect, and often imagine that they are slighted and avoided, when in reality there is no evidence of any such intention on the part of any one.

JEFFERSON.—You certainly were guilty of great indecorum in kissing the young lady, although you had been acquainted with her for some time, and she had always treated you kindly; but as you have, as you say, twice sent her a note apologizing for your conduct and asking her forgiveness, we do not see what else you can do but let things take their course. Perhaps time will allay her indignation, and she may consent to pardon your transgression, after she has sufficiently punished you for it.

SANDIE.—There was no impropriety in your frankly telling the gentleman your reasons for refusing his company, as you waited until you became intimately acquainted with him before doing so. You should now conduct yourself with perfect dignity and lady-like self-possession, and if he be a sensible person, he will appreciate your motives aright, and not attribute your act of explanation to a desire to encourage his attentions.

NEW ENGLAND.—A man whose lungs are weak, but not diseased, is generally improved in constitution by removing from the Atlantic coast to the prairie region. Perhaps the very best climate in the world for such is that of San Francisco in California. People from New York, New England, and Pennsylvania, generally improve in health, flesh and color, after living awhile in San Francisco.

LIONNE.—The letter R, which usually appears after the signature of kings and queens, stands for *Rex*, king, or *Regina*, queen. Thus, Mary Queen of Scots signed her name, Mary R.; George III. wrote his name, George R.; Victoria signs herself Victoria R. When George IV. was Prince of Wales, he signed his name George P., and when he was Prince Regent, George P. R.

HARRY.—The name, Annapolis, was given in honor of Queen Anne. *Polis* is the Greek Word for city, and Annapolis, therefore means Anna-city. For the same reason, Constantinople means the city of Constantine. Cincinnati is sometimes called Porkopolis, or the Pork-city.

PENITENT.—Your penitential letter should have been sent to your injured wife, not to us. If she does love you, as you think, she will not refuse to return to the home of her reformed inebriate.

SUBSCRIBER.—The best way of proceeding, if you wish to get a piece of literary work done, is to apply to the editor of a leading newspaper. He will be able to introduce to you the person you are in search of.

ELLA.—It strikes us that you have acted too hastily, and allowed that "pride" of which you speak, to get the better of your calmer judgment. As to "his visits not being quite as often as (you thought) they should be," there may have been matters connected with his business, or some other reasons, which prevented him from calling oftener. Although you may have thought he did not call often enough, he may have called as often as propriety would admit. A due sense of propriety must be observed, and sound discretion used, even in love affairs, to keep rumor at bay, and prevent any annoying reports from arising; and many a lover, from indiscreetly calling on his sweetheart too often, has subjected himself and her to a great deal of annoyance from the gossip of others. It seems to us that when you were sick, you might have managed to convey intelligence of the fact to him, which would have satisfactorily explained your seeming negligence in regard to answering his letter. Instead of that, you say, "a whole month passed, and you received a short note 'requesting to know if you wish all intercourse between us to end for the future?' as he could not understand the reason you did not answer his last." We think if you had not "treated his note with contempt," but had frankly stated to him the circumstances, that it would have satisfied him. You should now tell him frankly the whole story, and if he be a true man, and really loves you, he cannot but forget what has happened; and you will thereby save yourself and him much sorrow and regret.

DOVER writes that "the girls and boys had a party at the school house one Saturday afternoon, and were just beginning to have a good time, when a party of 'roughs,' as you might call them, came in and began to insult the girls. We boys told them to stop, but they began to laugh and kept on with their insults. We told them to stop once more, when one of the roughs put his arm around one of the girls' waist and began to kiss her. One of us boys knocked him down, which brought on a general row, and during the fight one of the boys got stabbed, but we came off victorious. Now the question is, did we do right or not in protecting the girls from these insults?" Of course you did right, and exhibited genuine pluck and true manliness in thus thrashing out the cowardly poltroons. None but the most despicable villains would be guilty of such conduct toward girls, and had you not chastised them, you would have merited the scorn and contempt of every girl present. Never, under any circumstances, suffer a lady to be insulted without protecting her.

HUNTINGDON.—The cost of entering a copyright of a book is fifty cents. If you want a certificate of such entry, you will have to pay one dollar. There is not the slightest difficulty in getting a book published, if you are able and willing to guarantee the publisher against loss. There are several ways of publishing a book on the author's account. Sometimes the publisher contracts to manufacture for the author a certain number of copies at a certain price, and the author takes the whole charge of selling the work. In other cases, the publisher brings out the book in the ordinary way, but takes from the author a sum of money sufficient to secure him against loss. At the end of six months accounts are settled between them; if the book has sold well enough to afford a profit, the publisher pays the author his proportion, and refunds the money paid in advance. Sometimes the author has the book stereotyped, and then employs a publisher to manufacture and sell it. Sometimes the author does all himself, getting an edition manufactured, and selling it as best he can.

MINER.—We know there are a great many persons in the world who would like to disprove the authenticity of the Scriptures, and who will twist and turn passages, and distort evidence, in every conceivable manner, and try to reason themselves into the belief that they have satisfactorily accomplished it. Such attempts do not generally spring from a desire to arrive at the truth in the matter, but rather from a desire to free themselves from the moral restraint which it imposes, so that they may indulge in their vicious propensities and inclinations. Such persons forget that, whether the Scriptures be true or not, or whatever belief they may form, no person is ever absolved from obligations to do right, or to live an honest, virtuous and upright life. The authenticity of the Scriptures, however, is incontestibly established, both by internal evidence and by conclusive external proof.

AVONMORE.—You can acquire the art of phonography from a phonographic manual, but your progress would probably be more rapid, if you should put yourself under the instruction of a teacher who has thoroughly mastered and fully understands the whole subject. The time which it will require for you to become so familiar with the art as to report a sermon, will depend upon the time which you devote to it each day, and the earnestness with which you pursue it. The only way to obtain a situation as reporter is to qualify yourself, and apply for it, as you would for any other situation. A smart young man *could* qualify himself in six months to report a speech or sermon; but most people would be two or three years about it.

BENNIE.—If you left the young lady at the close of the theatre, without informing her that you were going to procure a carriage, we do not blame her for going home with another gentleman. You should have managed so that you would not have been obliged to leave her alone. If you had not engaged a carriage before the play commenced, you might have stepped out just before its close and done so. If you informed her that you were going for a carriage, she might certainly have awaited your return; yet even then we cannot blame her for accepting the services of another gentleman. Perhaps she only did it for mischief, or a desire to teach you a lesson by which you might profit in the future.

BAD FIX.—It strikes us that the young lady of whom you speak is only amusing herself at your simplicity and verdancy. A young man who would "go to see a young lady for three or four months regularly, and *think* it was all right," without declaring his attachment for her, must be either very simple or very conceited. As you say she does not answer your letters, but shows them to her friends, it is evident that she does not care a great deal for you, but is vastly amused with your rusticity. Let such mischievous girls alone for the future.

K. M. B.—As you are but nineteen, and the young lady with whom you are in love is but fifteen, we think it would be best for you to wait a few years, and test the strength of your attachment, before entering into an engagement. Persons of your age frequently think they are deeply in love, but time dispels the delusion, and their maturer judgment shows them the folly of hasty engagements among young and inexperienced persons.

GYPSIE.—When a young gentleman who has paid you some attention gets offended at something, and refuses to tell you what it is, we do not think you can compel him to tell you. He must be a very sulky, obstinate fellow indeed, to refuse to give you an opportunity to explain the circumstance, or to vindicate yourself, and we would advise you to let him enjoy his ill-humor until he gets over it.

MATTIE D.—We do not see how any sensible and modest girl can ask whether it is proper for a young lady of sixteen to hold clandestine meetings with a man who is supposed to be married to another. It seems to us that the good sense and maidenly delicacy of any young lady would show her that such a course was highly *im*proper. She should have nothing to do with a man who would seek to instigate her to such a course.

J. Y. S.—Go to the young lady herself and learn the truth of the matter, and do not place too much dependence upon mere rumor. If she *has* fallen in love with another, and received a gold ring from him while she was engaged to you, you ought to be thankful at having discovered her fickle disposition, and have nothing more to do with her.

CINCINNATI.—If your guardian will not pay over the money allowed to you by the Probate Court out of your father's estate, let persons whom you owe for board or anything else, sue him for their respective claims. You might apply to the Judge of Probate, who, on a proper showing of facts, would compel your guardian to pay over the allowance granted by the court.

H. M. asks, "When a young man is in love with a young lady, and bothers her very much by writing letters, &c., especially when she don't like him, how is it best to treat him?" She should answer one of the young man's letters, and give him such a "raking over the coals" that he will not care to have the process repeated.

MYSTIFIED.—A gentleman should not call upon a lady whom he has merely attended to a place of amusement, if she does not invite him to do so. If you think she did not omit it intentionally, you can easily find some means of giving her an opportunity to rectify her unintentional neglect.

FANNIE.—No. If you are yet a school girl, and are certain that your parents would object, you ought not to receive the addresses of any young man. Attend to your studies, and do not allow your mind to be diverted from them by such matters.

LAKE CITY.—If you have an aged mother who is already nearly broken down with sorrow, and think that if you should enlist "it would kill her or make her crazy," we advise you to stay at home and take care of her, in preference to entering the army.

H. C. B.—The coating for mirrors and looking-glasses is composed of one part of quicksilver and four parts of tin.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*